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INTERNATIONAL

SINGING ANNUAL

FOR

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

1874

"SING UNTO THE LORD A NEW SONG."

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For the convenience of the Superintendent or Chorister, a classified index to lessons will be found on the third page of cover.

C O N T E N T S.

PAGE	PAGE	PAGE
A charge to keep..... 59	Hypocrisy and Piety... 47	The Birth of Moses.... 4
A Land of Joy... 3	I'm not ashamed.... 50	The Call of Moses.... 5
All hail the power. . . 64	I do love Jesus..... 24	The Crown above..... 56
All is beautiful there.. 25	Jehovah's Passover... 1	The Exodus..... 7
As pants the hart..... 61	Jesus, and shall... 64	The Fountain of Life.. 10
Bless me now 48	Jesus, the Lord..... 27	The Gospel Feast. 19
Blind Bartimeus..... 44	Jesus, the name high.. 64	The Gospel! O what... 62
Bread of Heaven..... 9	Jesus, the Wonderful.. 35	The Heavenly Anchor. 36
Christ, my all..... 43	Jesus, who on Calvary. 61	The House of Bondage 2
Christ, the Messiah... 28	Just as I am..... 63	The Life Look..... 23
Christ, the Teacher... 57	Lead me to thee..... 6	The Lord's Ministers . 20
Come and hear..... 30	Let your Light shine . 16	The Martyrdom..... 37
Come, O thou traveler. 63	Lord, thou hast heard.. 59	The Offerings..... 18
Dear Jesus, abide thou 54	Lord, we are vile..... 62	The Risen Lord..... 49
Defeat of Amalek..... 12	My God, I am thine... 63	The Rock that..... 55
Doubts removed. . . . 5	O glorious hope..... 61	The Saviour Crucified. 51
Enough and to spare... 38	Oh, happy day..... 60	The Smitten Rock..... 22
Everywhere with Jesus 31	Oh, that my load..... 59	The Song of Triumph. 8
Far from my thoughts. 62	Oh where, tell me. . . 29	The Ten Command-ments 14
Free in Christ..... 34	O love divine..... 64	The Two Command-ments 46
Gather the Sunlight... 26	Only Leaves..... 45	Tho' I have grieved... 61
God moves..... 59	Only one way..... 40	Tho' troubles assail... 60
Go thou in peace . . . 41	O render thanks..... 62	Tho' vain delusive world... 60
Guide me, O thou..... 63	Our beautiful Home... 58	Whatsoever the sowing 32
Have we no idol?... 16	Peace, be still..... 33	When I survey..... 64
He breaks the power.. 62	Rest in Jesus..... 39	White as Snow..... 42
He dies, the Friend . . 64	Resting on the Rock... 52	Why should the..... 61
He will every burden. 21	Song of Moses..... 13	
How beauteous..... 61	Stand up for Jesus.... 60	
How tender..... 59	The Betrayal..... 50	



BY
PHILIP PHILLIPS.

JEHOVAH'S PASSOVER.

Slow and full.

Exodus 12 : 21-30.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. The Lamb was slain ; the Pas-cal feast In haste did Jacob's sons prepare ;
2. And when the Lord went forth to slay The eld-est born in Egypt's land,



With blood they sprinkled every door, To tell God's chosen ones were there.
He knew his own, and passed them o'er ; He saw the blood, and staid his hand.




- 3 The Pascal Lamb, the sprinkled blood,
Foreshadow Christ for sinners slain,
Our glorious Advocate above,
The Lamb of God, who lives again.

- 4 Our Jesus' blood avails for all,
'Tis like a fountain, pure and free ;
And they who feel its cleansing power
God's children evermore shall be.

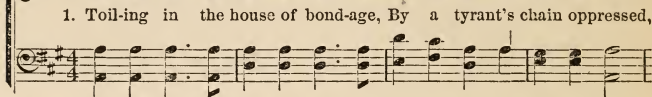

THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE.

Exodus 1:7-14.

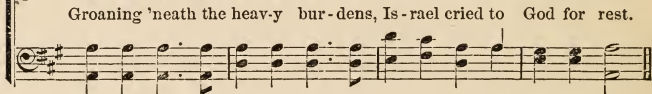
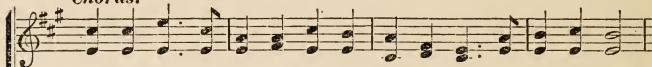
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



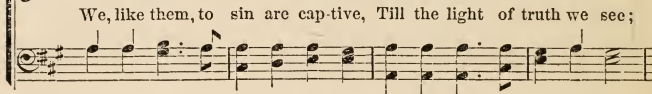
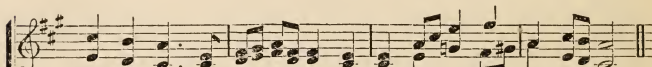
1. Toil-ing in the house of bond-age, By a tyrant's chain oppressed,

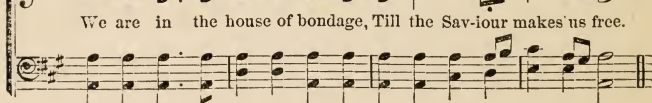
Groan-ing 'neath the heav-y bur-dens, Is-rael cried to God for rest.


Chorus.


We, like them, to sin are cap-tive, Till the light of truth we see;

We are in the house of bondage, Till the Sav-iour makes us free.



2 God in love beheld his people;
 With a strong and mighty hand
 From their cruel foes he led them
 To a fair and goodly land.—*Сно.*

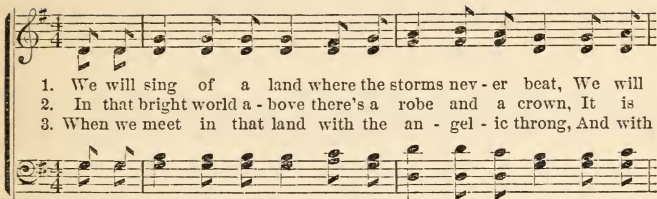
3 As they praised their great deliverer,
 We, redeemed, with rapture sing
 Christ, our soul's reward and refuge,
 Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King.—*Сно.*

A LAND OF JOY.

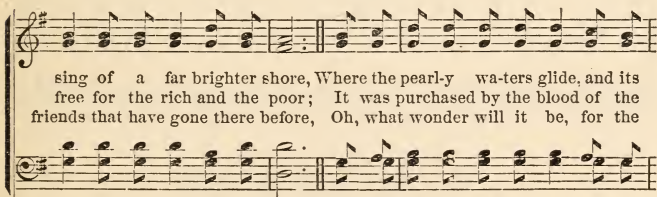
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Exodus 6:1-8.

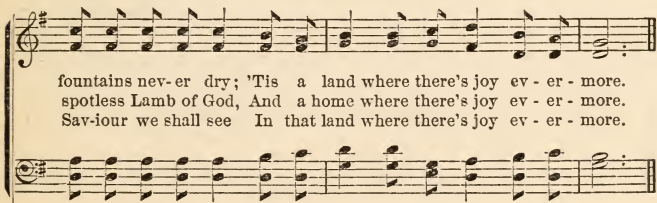
JAMES PRICE.



1. We will sing of a land where the storms nev - er beat, We will
 2. In that bright world a - bove there's a robe and a crown, It is
 3. When we meet in that land with the an - gel - ic throng, And with

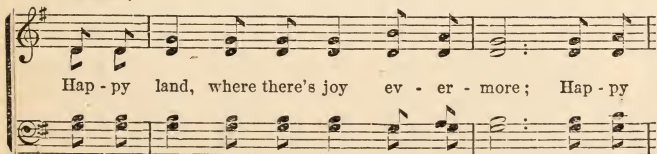


sing of a far brighter shore, Where the pearl-y wa-ters glide, and its
 free for the rich and the poor; It was purchased by the blood of the
 friends that have gone there before, Oh, what wonder will it be, for the



fountains nev - er dry; 'Tis a land where there's joy ev - er - more.
 spotless Lamb of God, And a home where there's joy ev - er - more.
 Sav-iour we shall see In that land where there's joy ev - er - more.

Chorus.



Hap - py land, where there's joy ev - er - more; Hap - py

A LAND OF JOY.—Concluded.

land, free from sorrow, sin, and woe; With its balm-y air, and its

dew-y meads so fair; There's a home in that land for you and me.

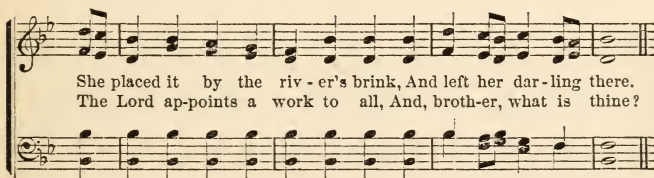
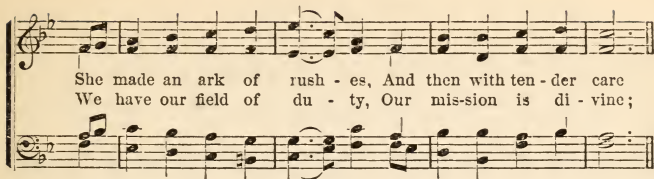
THE BIRTH OF MOSES.

Exodus 2:1-10.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Three months a lov-ing moth-er Her pre-cious babe con-cealed,
2. Ah! lit-tle knew that moth-er, Who watched him thro' her tears,

And when she knew with-in her heart His birth must be re-vealed,
What great e-vents the Lord designed For him in af-ter years.



THE CALL OF MOSES.

Exodus 3 : 1-10.

1 THE Lord appeared to Moses,
And said in tones sublime:
Lo ! I have heard my people cry
In Egypt's distant clime.
Go thou, and bear them comfort,
And in their ear proclaim,
The Lord their God, the great I Am,
Hath sent thee in his name.

2 God speaks to every Christian,
His voice we oft have heard ;
The Spirit whispers in our heart,
And calls us through his word.
Go, say to those in bondage,
Whom sin hath long oppressed,
Return, ye weary, burdened souls,
The Lord will give you rest.

DOUBTS REMOVED.

Exodus 4 : 1-9, 27-31.

1 THE burning bush before him,
His hand a leperous white,
His rod a serpent at his feet,
Are wonders in his sight.
The sky of faith is cloudless,
And every doubt is past ;
He sees the path of duty now,
And gladly yields at last.

2 We have the blessed Bible
To light our pilgrim way ;
We have a loving Saviour's hand
To guide us day by day.
Oh, let us never doubt him,
But meekly do his will,
And trust, whatever trials come,
His grace our comfort still.

FANNY CROSBY.

LEAD ME TO THEE.

Exodus 7:14-22.

REV. A. B. SMITH.

1. Beau-ti - ful man-sions, home of the blest; Land where the
 2. Here in the des - ert cheerless I roam, Lad - en with

faith - ful ev - er shall rest; There is my treas - ure,
 sor - row - far from my home; Clouds on my path - way

there shall I be,... Lord, I am wea - ry, lead me to
 dark - ly I see;.. Lord, I am wea - ry, &c.

thee; Lord, I am wea - ry, lead me to thee.

3 Thou wilt not leave me comfortless here;
 Why should I doubt thee—what do I fear?
 Light in the distance breaking I see,
 Yet I am weary, lead me to thee.

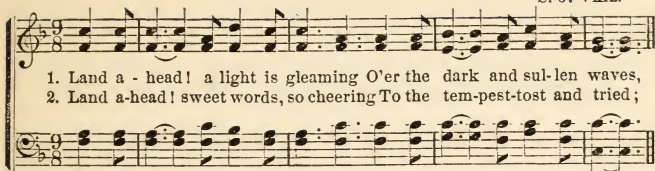
4 Jesus, I love thee, dwell in my heart;
 Never, no, never from me depart!
 Hope like a rainbow shining I see,
 Yet I am weary, lead me to thee.

THE EXODUS.

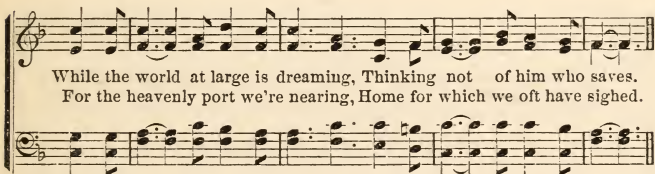
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Exodus 13 : 17-22.

S. J. VAIL.

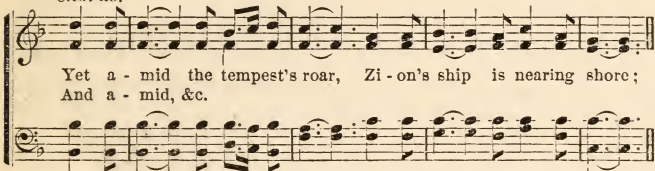


1. Land a - head! a light is gleaming O'er the dark and sul-len waves,
2. Land a-head! sweet words, so cheering To the tem-pest-tost and tried;

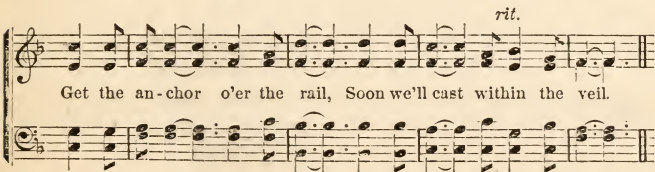


While the world at large is dreaming, Thinking not of him who saves.
For the heavenly port we're nearing, Home for which we oft have sighed.

Chorus.



Yet a - mid the tempest's roar, Zi-on's ship is nearing shore;
And a - mid, &c.



rit.
Get the an-chor o'er the rail, Soon we'll cast within the veil.

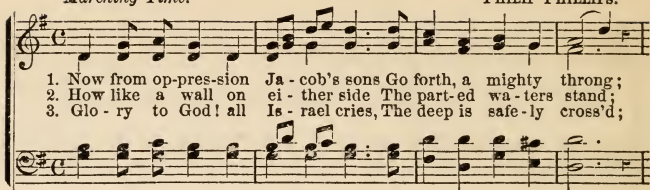
<p>3 Land ahead! "the night of weeping" Yields to dawn of endless day; Jesus comes to wake from sleeping Jewels that are laid away. CHO.—And amid, &c.</p>	<p>4 Land ahead! our home of glory Pilgrims soon its shores will throng; Then we'll sing "the old, old story." And will shout redemption's song. CHO.—And amid, &c.</p>
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THE SONG OF TRIUMPH.

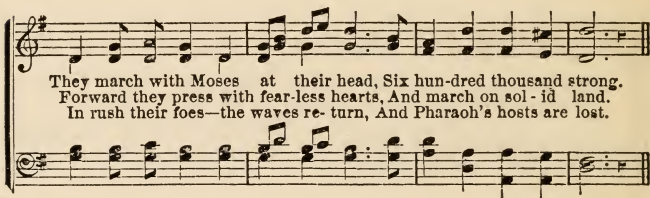
Exodus 14:19-31.

Marching Time.

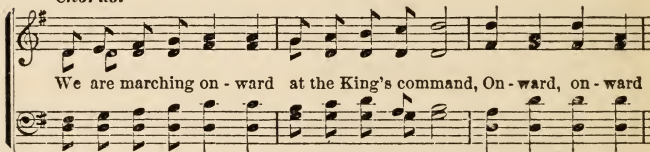
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



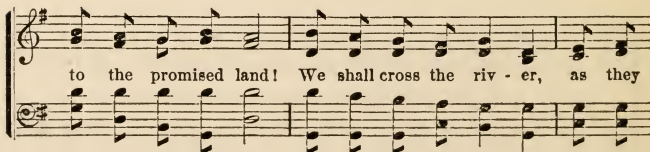
1. Now from op-press-ion Ja - cob's sons Go forth, a mighty throng;
 2. How like a wall on ei - ther side The part-ed wa - ters stand;
 3. Glo - ry to God! all Is - rael cries, The deep is safe - ly cross'd;



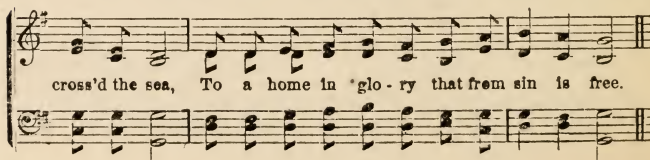
They march with Moses at their head, Six hun-dred thousand strong.
 Forward they press with fear-less hearts, And march on sol - id land.
 In rush their foes—the waves re - turn, And Pharaoh's hosts are lost.

Chorus.


We are marching on - ward at the King's command, On - ward, on - ward



to the promised land! We shall cross the riv - er, as they



cross'd the sea, To a home in 'glo - ry that from sin is free.

BREAD OF HEAVEN.

9

Exodus 16 : 1-5, 31-33.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Fa-ther, when thine ancient peo-ple Thro' the des-ert waste were led,

Man-na from the sky de-scended; Feed our hungry souls with bread.

Chorus.

Bread of Life that can-not per-ish, Bread that cometh down from Thee,

Grant us, till our journey's o-ver, We the promis'd land shall see.

2 First among all other blessings
That we ask from day to day,
Let our souls from Thee be nourish'd:
Lord, for this we humbly pray.—CHO.

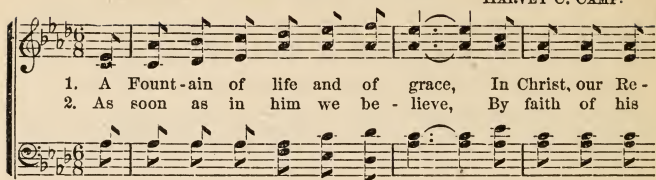
3 Though we lack for temporal comfort,
If by *simple faith* we live,
Father, thou wilt not deny us
Bread which *only* thou canst give.—CHO.

FANNY CROSBY.

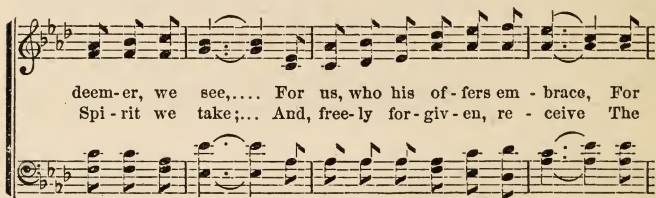
THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

Exodus 15 : 22-27.

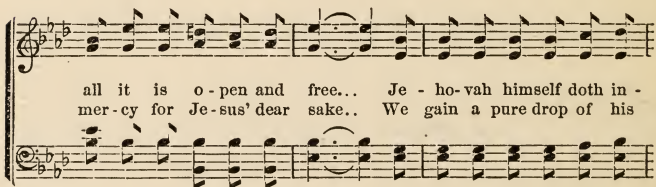
HARVEY C. CAMP.



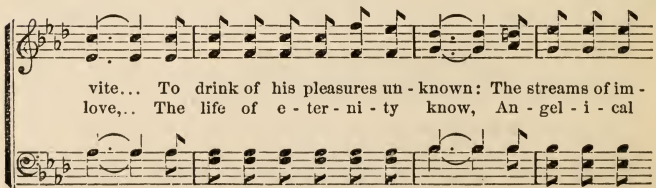
1. A Fount-ain of life and of grace, In Christ, our Re -
 2. As soon as in him we be - lieve, By faith of his



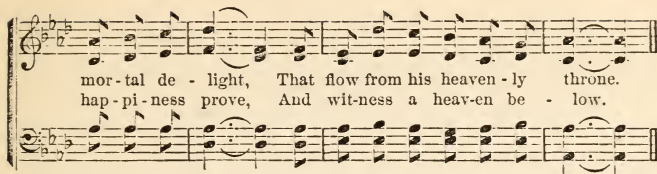
deem-er, we see,... For us, who his of-fers em - brace, For
 Spi-rit we take;... And, free-ly for-giv-en, re - ceive The



all it is o - pen and free... Je - ho-vah himself doth in -
 mer-cy for Je-sus' dear sake.. We gain a pure drop of his



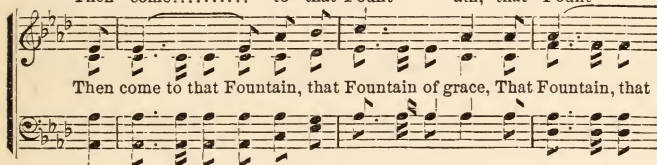
vite... To drink of his pleasures un - known: The streams of im -
 love,.. The life of e - ter - ni - ty know, An - gel - i - cal



mor-tal de - light, That flow from his heav-en - ly throne.
hap-pi-ness prove, And wit-ness a heav-en be - low.

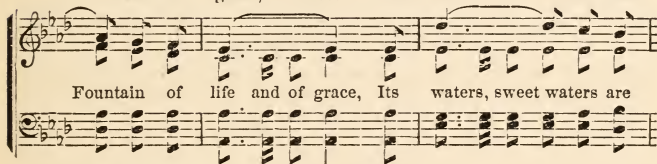
Chorus.

Then come..... to that Fount - - ain, that Fount -



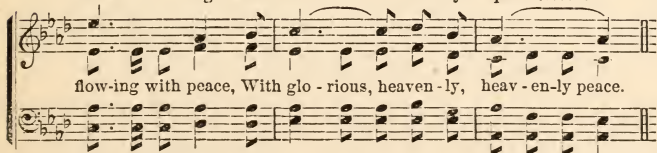
Then come to that Fountain, that Fountain of grace, That Fountain, that

- - - ain of grace,..... Its wa - - - - ters are



Fountain of life and of grace, Its waters, sweet waters are

flow - - - ing with heav - - - en - ly peace.....



flow-ing with peace, With glo - rious, heav-en - ly, heav-en - ly peace.

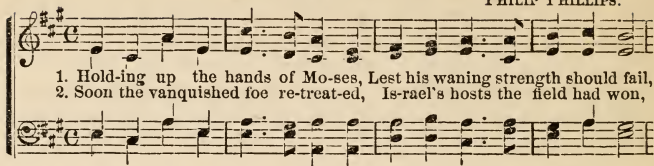
3 My gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim;
And join with the armies above
To shout his adorable name.

To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ:
To see them incessantly shine,
My boundless ineffable joy.

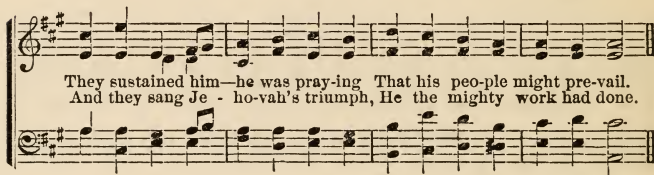
DEFEAT OF AMALEK.

Exodus 17 : 8-16.

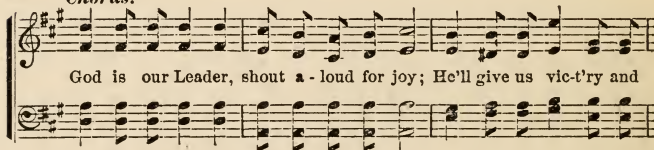
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



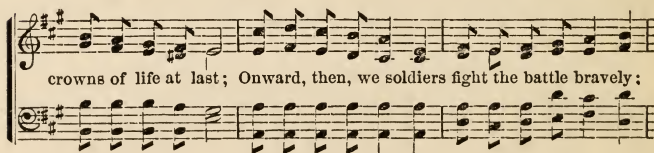
1. Hold-ing up the hands of Mo-ses, Lest his wan-ing strength should fail,
2. Soon the van-quished foe re-treat-ed, Is-rael's hosts the field had won,



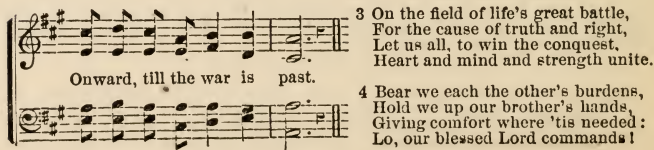
They sustained him—he was pray-ing That his peo-ple might pre-vail.
And they sang Je - ho-vah's triumph, He the mighty work had done.

Chorus.


God is our Leader, shout a - loud for joy; He'll give us vic-t'ry and



crowns of life at last; Onward, then, we soldiers fight the battle bravely;



Onward, till the war is past.

3 On the field of life's great battle,
For the cause of truth and right,
Let us all, to win the conquest,
Heart and mind and strength unite.

4 Bear we each the other's burdens,
Hold we up our brother's hands,
Giving comfort where 'tis needed:
Lo, our blessed Lord commands!

SONG OF MOSES.*

13

Exodus 13 : 1-11.

Firm and with spirit.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. { Oh, sing, for the arm of Je - ho-vah has triumphed ; The Lord is victo-
He spake, and the waters returned to their pla-ces, He cov-er'd the foe

D. C. The pride of the boasting, their armies have perish'd, The horse and his rid-

1st time. | *2d time.* | *Fine. Chorus.*

rious and mighty to save ; [with
[Omit.....] with the dark, rolling wave. Break forth, all ye people,
[Omit.....] er are thrown in the sea.

D. C.

harp and with timbrel, The children of Ja - cob from bondage are free ;

2 The pillar of cloud like a shield was behind us,
The pillar of flame shed its glory before ;
And they who pursued us, their chariots and horsemen,
Were scatter'd like chaff, and we see them no more.—CHO.

8 Oh, praise ye the Lord, for his triumph was glorious,
Our battle he fought, and his arrows were strong ;
The God of our fathers remember'd his promise :
Break forth, O ye people, break forth into song.—CHO.

FANNY CROSBY.

* The effect of this piece may be improved by carefully observing the accented beats of the measure.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Exodus 20 : 1-17.

FIRST COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

SECOND COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of *anything* that *is* in heaven above, or that *is* in the earth beneath, or that *is* in the water under the earth: Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth *generation* of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.

THIRD COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

FOURTH COMMANDMENT.—Remember the sabbath-day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: But the seventh day *is* the sabbath of the Lord thy God; *in it* thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that *is* within thy gates: For *in* six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them *is*, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath-day and hallowed it.

FIFTH COMMANDMENT.—Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

SIXTH COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt not kill.

SEVENTH COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

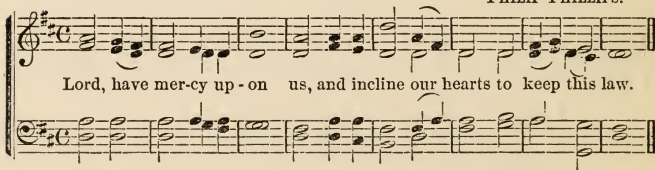
EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt not steal.

NINTH COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

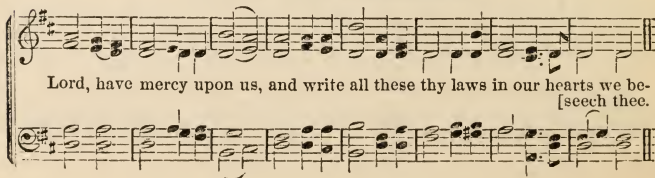
TENTH COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that *is* thy neighbor's.

To be sung after each of the first nine Commandments have been read.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



After the Tenth Commandment.

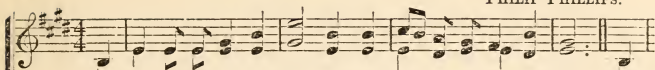


HAVE WE NO IDOL?

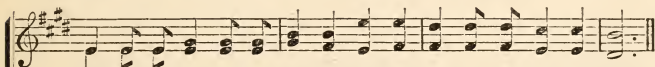
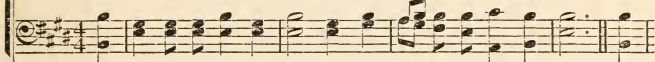
15

Exodus 32 : 1-6; 19, 20.*

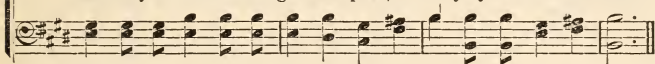
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. A shout from the tents of Ja-cob, A shout in their camp to-day; They
2. And why have they done this evil, For-getting the Lord their God? Why



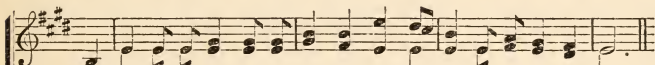
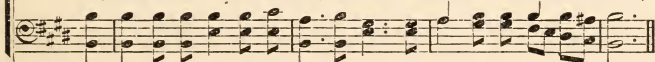
worship an image their hands have made, They call it their God, and pray.
turn they a-side from the good old path, The way by their fa-thers trod?



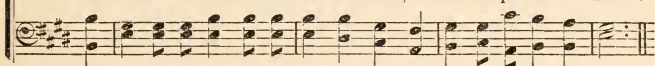
Chorus.



Oh, have we no i-dol? beware, beware! Look well to our hearts and see;



Our Saviour unrival'd must dwell therein, And worshiped alone must be.



- 3 And now, from the mount descending,
Their leader before them stands;
The tables of stone, with the law of God,
He drops from his trembling hands.—Спо.

- 4 The people, in tears repenting,
Are lifting their eyes to heaven;
The prayers of the servant of God are heard:
Again is their sin forgiven.—Cho.

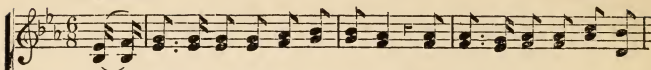
* This hymn is also adapted to the following lesson, Ex. 33 : 12-20.

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

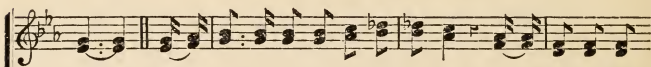
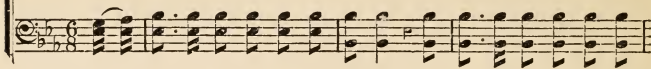
Exodus 40:17-30.

Moderato.

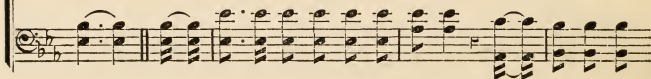
T. C. O'KANE.



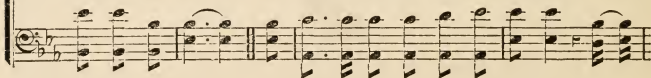
1. Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quickly and
2. There are man-y and man-y around you Who fol-low wherev-er you



see, For if it were burning, then surely Some beams would fall
go; If you thought that they walked in the shadow, Your lamp would burn

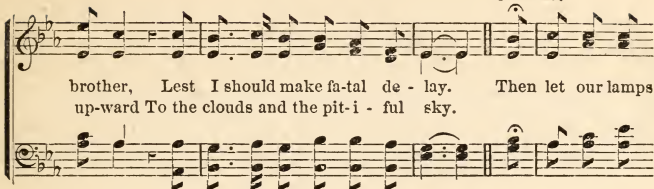


bright up-on me. Tho' straight is the road, yet I fal-ter, And
brighter, I know. Up-on the dark mountain they stumble: They are

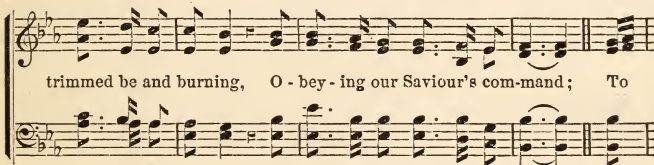


oft I fall out by the way; Then lift your lamp higher, my
bruised on the rocks, and they lie With their white, pleading faces turned

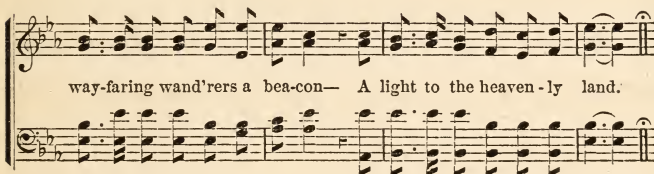


Chorus.


brother, Lest I should make fa-tal de-lay. Then let our lamps
up-ward To the clouds and the pit-i-ful sky.



trimmed be and burning, O-bey-ing our Saviour's com-mand; To



way-faring wand'ers a bea-con— A light to the heaven-ly land.

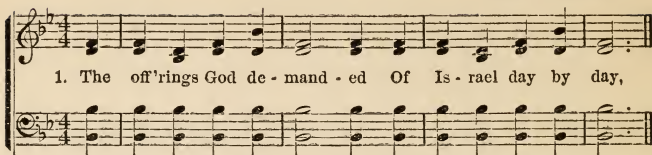
3 There is many a lamp that is lighted;
We behold them anear and afar;
But many among them, my brother,
Shine steadily on like a star.
I think, were they trimmed night and morning,
They would never burn down or go out,
Though from the four quarters of heaven
The winds were all howling about.—CHORUS.

4 If once all the lamps that are lighted
Should steadily blaze in a line;
Wide over the land and the ocean,
What a girdle of glory would shine!
How all the dark places would brighten!
How the mist would roll up and away!
How earth would laugh out in her gladness,
To hail the milennial day!—CHORUS.

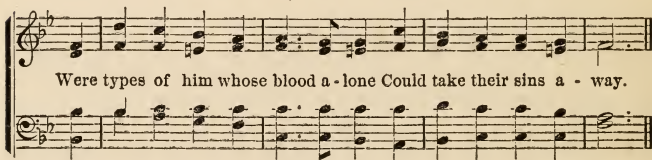
THE OFFERINGS.

Lev. 7 : 37, 38.

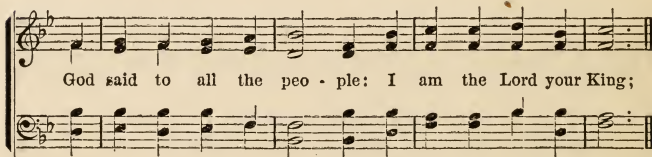
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



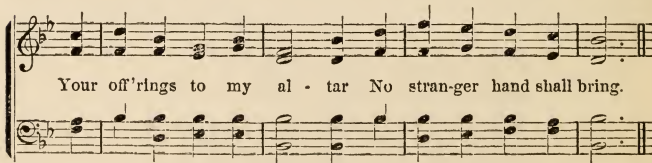
1. The off'rings God de - mand - ed Of Is - rael day by day,



Were types of him whose blood a - lone Could take their sins a - way.



God said to all the peo - ple: I am the Lord your King;



Your off'rings to my al - tar No stran-ger hand shall bring.

2.

The laws of God are perfect
And just in every part,
Of him by sov'reign right ordain'd,
As lights to guide the heart.
And by their truth instructed,
We learn that we should bring
Our best and purest off'rings
To him our gracious King.

3.

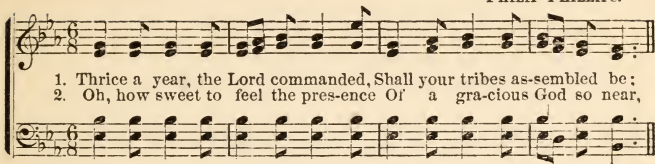
God claims our highest worship,
Our hearts, our love, and trust;
He claims our talents and our time,
And his demand is just.
The off'rings he requireth
We for ourselves must bring,
And lay them on his altar,
Our Saviour, Lord, and King.

THE GOSPEL FEAST.

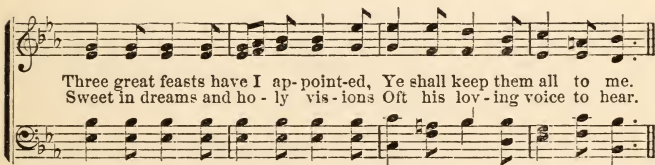
19

Lev. 23 : 4-6; 13-21; 33-36.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

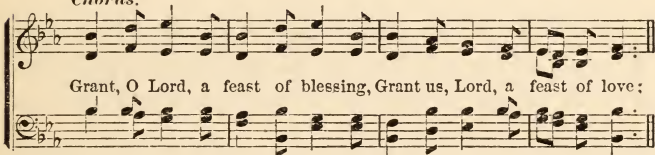


1. Thrice a year, the Lord commanded, Shall your tribes as-sembled be;
2. Oh, how sweet to feel the pres-ence Of a gra-cious God so near,




Three great feasts have I ap-point-ed, Ye shall keep them all to me.
Sweet in dreams and ho-ly vis-ions Oft his lov-ing voice to hear.

Chorus.



Grant, O Lord, a feast of blessing, Grant us, Lord, a feast of love;



We are thirsty; give us wa-ter Flowing from the Fount a - bove.

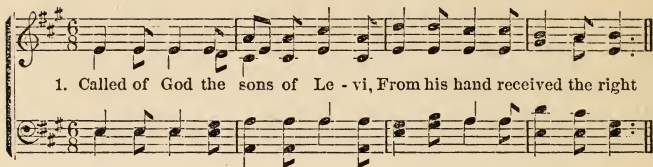
3 Richer feasts are now provided.
Feasts of Gospel Grace they are;
And their holy, pure enjoyments
All the world is called to share.—CHO.

4 None excluded, all are welcome.
Old and young, and rich and poor;
Come, ye hungry, come, ye thirsty!
Jesus saith, "I am the door,"—CHO.

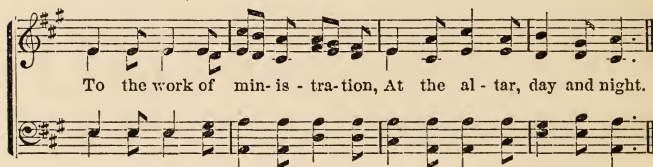
THE LORD'S MINISTERS.

Numbers 3 : 5-13.

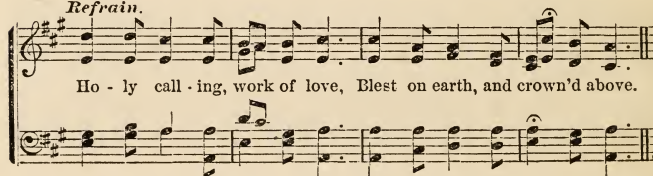
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. Called of God the sons of Le - vi, From his hand received the right



To the work of min-is - tra-tion, At the al - tar, day and night.

Refrain.


Ho - ly call - ing, work of love, Blest on earth, and crown'd above.

2 Preachers, whom the Lord commandeth,
That his gospel ye declare;
Great and solemn is your mission,
Ye should oft be found in prayer.
REF.—Holy calling, &c.

3 Let your daily walk be blameless,
Make the flock of Christ your care;
Visit all, without distinction,
Show your colors everywhere.
REF.—Holy calling, &c.

4 Standing on the walls of Zion,
God's eternal truth proclaim;
Preach a *free and full salvation*,
Through our dear Redeemer's name.
REF.—Holy calling, &c.

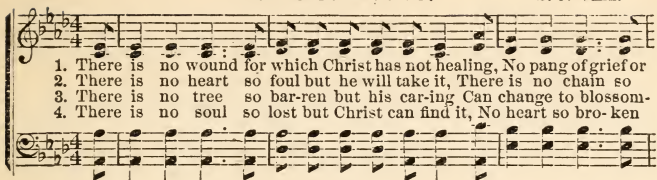
FANNY CROSBY.

HE WILL EVERY BURDEN SHARE.


21

Numbers 14 : 1-10.

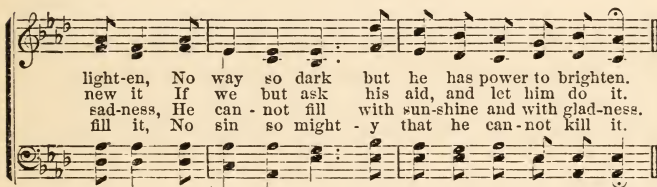
S. J. VAIL.



1. There is no wound for which Christ has not healing, No pang of grief or
 2. There is no heart so foul but he will take it, There is no chain so
 3. There is no tree so bar-ren but his car-ing Can change to blossom-
 4. There is no soul so lost but Christ can find it, No heart so bro-ken

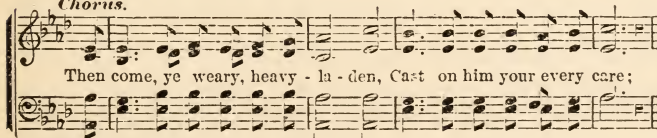


bit-ter-ness of feel-ing; No cross so heav-y that he can-not
 strong but he can break it; No love so luke-warm but he can re-
 ing, and ripe fruit bearing; No soul so lost in sor-row and in
 that he can-not bind it; No lamp so emp-ty that he can-not

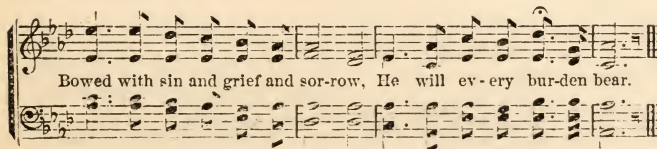


light-en, No way so dark but he has power to brighten.
 new it If we but ask his aid, and let him do it.
 sad-ness, He can - not fill with sun-shine and with glad-ness.
 fill it, No sin so might-y that he can-not kill it.

Chorus.



Then come, ye weary, heavy - la - den, Cast on him your every care;

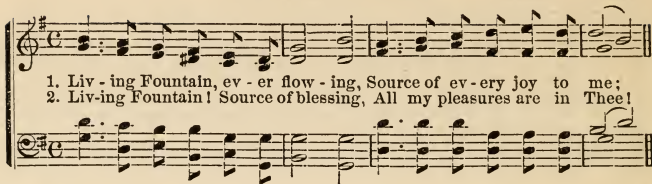


Bowed with sin and grief and sor-row, He will ev-ery bur-den bear.

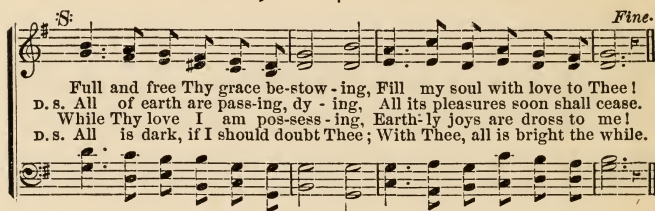
THE SMITTEN ROCK.

Numbers 20 : 7-13.

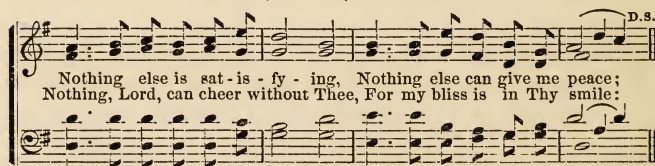
HARVEY C. CAMP.



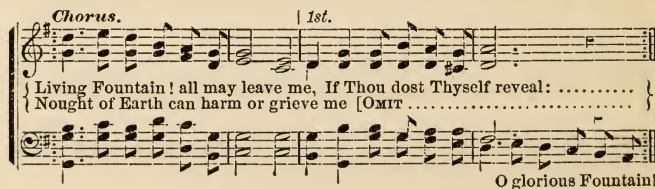
1. Liv - ing Fountain, ev - er flow - ing, Source of ev - ery joy to me;
 2. Liv - ing Fountain! Source of blessing, All my pleasures are in Thee!



Fine.
 Full and free Thy grace be - stow - ing, Fill my soul with love to Thee!
 D. s. All of earth are pass - ing, dy - ing, All its pleasures soon shall cease.
 While Thy love I am pos - sess - ing, Earth - ly joys are dross to me!
 D. s. All is dark, if I should doubt Thee; With Thee, all is bright the while.

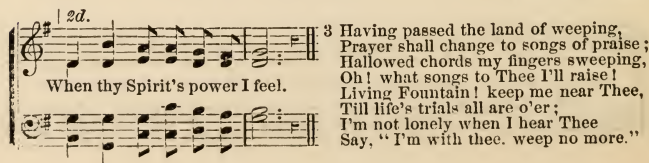


D. s.
 Nothing else is sat - is - fy - ing, Nothing else can give me peace;
 Nothing, Lord, can cheer without Thee, For my bliss is in Thy smile:



Chorus. | *1st.*
 { Living Fountain! all may leave me, If Thou dost Thyself reveal: }
 { Nought of Earth can harm or grieve me [OMIT] }

O glorious Fountain!



| *2d.*
 When thy Spirit's power I feel.

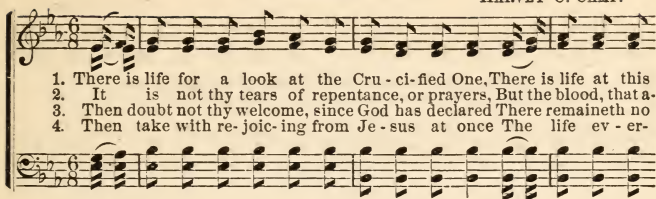
3 Having passed the land of weeping,
 Prayer shall change to songs of praise;
 Hallowed chords my fingers sweeping,
 Oh! what songs to Thee I'll raise!
 Living Fountain! keep me near Thee,
 Till life's trials all are o'er;
 I'm not lonely when I hear Thee
 Say, "I'm with thee. weep no more."

THE LIFE LOOK.

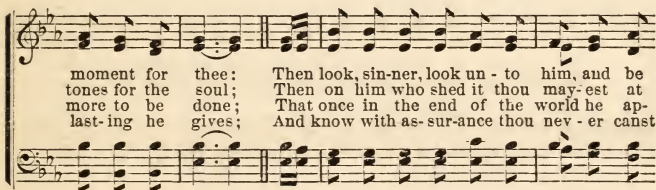
23

Numbers 21: 4-9.

HARVEY C. CAMP.

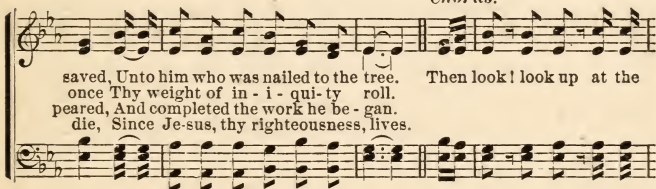


1. There is life for a look at the Cru-ci-fied One. There is life at this
 2. It is not thy tears of repentance, or prayers, But the blood, that a-
 3. Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared There remaineth no
 4. Then take with re-joic-ing from Je-sus at once The life ev-er-

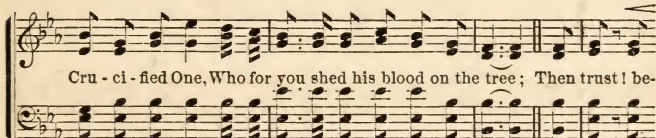


moment for thee: Then look, sin-ner, look un-to him, and be
 tones for the soul; Then on him who shed it thou may-est at
 more to be done; That once in the end of the world he ap-
 last-ing he gives; And know with as-sur-ance thou nev-er canst

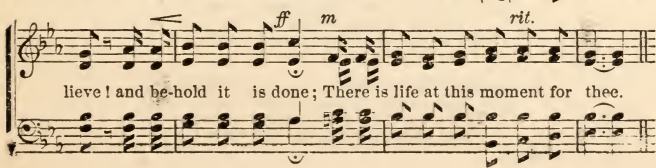
Chorus.



saved, Unto him who was nailed to the tree. Then look! look up at the
 once Thy weight of in-i-qui-ty roll.
 peared, And completed the work he be-gan.
 die, Since Je-sus, thy righteousness, lives.



Cru-ci-fied One, Who for you shed his blood on the tree; Then trust! be-

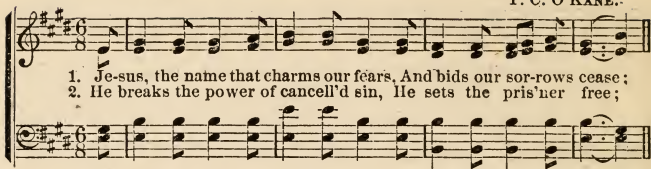


lieve! and be-hold it is done; There is life at this moment for thee.

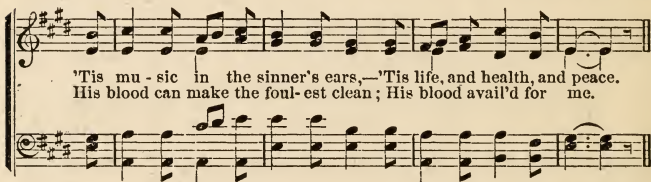
I DO LOVE JESUS.

Deut. 18. 9-16.

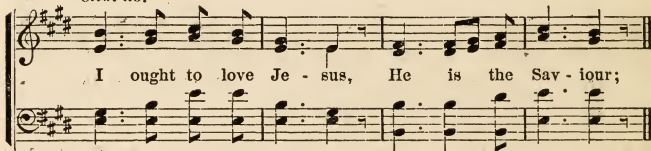
T. C. O'KANE.



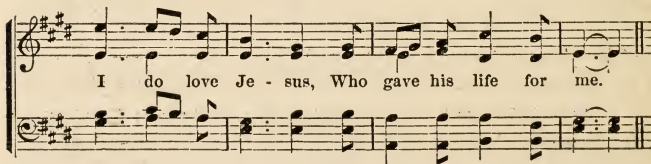
1. Je-sus, the name that charms our fears, And bids our sor-rows cease;
2. He breaks the power of cancell'd sin, He sets the pris'ner free;



'Tis mu-sic in the sinner's ears,—'Tis life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the foul-est clean; His blood avail'd for me.

Chorus.


I ought to love Je-sus, He is the Sav-iour;



I do love Je-sus, Who gave his life for me.

3 He speaks,—and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.—Choro.

4 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.—Choro.

ALL IS BEAUTIFUL THERE.

25

Deut. 34 : 1-12.

Words and Music by JAMES PRICE.

1. { There's a beau-ti-ful land a-bove, Where glo-ri-fied an-gels do
The saints in that beau-ti-ful land Are free from sor-row and
2. { In that beau-ti-ful land a-bove Are meadows of beau-ti-ful
How sweet-ly, how sweetly they sing, Could we the mu-sic com-

dwell; That beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful heav-en of love, Its
care; They've crowns on their foreheads, and harps in their hands, And
green, Where songs of the glo-ri-fied Christians u-nite, And
pare, In an-thems of rap-ture to Je-sus their King, All,
d.s. There's many a beau-ti-ful man-sion a-bove, And

Fine. Chorus.

glo-ries no tongue can tell... { All is beau-ti-ful there,....
all is beau-ti-ful there. {
float thro' the air se-rene. { All is beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful there,
all is beau-ti-ful there. {
all is beau-ti-ful there. All is beau-ti-ful there,

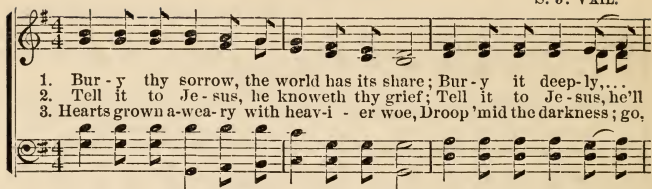
D.S.

All is beau-ti-ful there;....
3. O that beautiful land above,
For all who love Jesus, is free;
Its beautiful, beautiful bright pearly
Are open for you and for me. gates
Then let us be watchful and pray,
Our Saviour bids us prepare
To go to that beautiful, beautiful land,
For all is beautiful there.

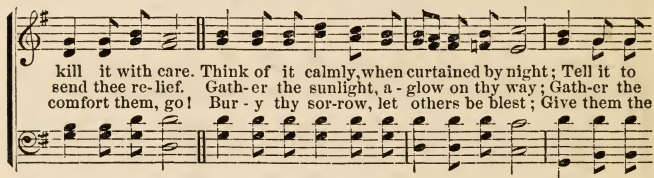
GATHER THE SUN-LIGHT.

Deut. 8.

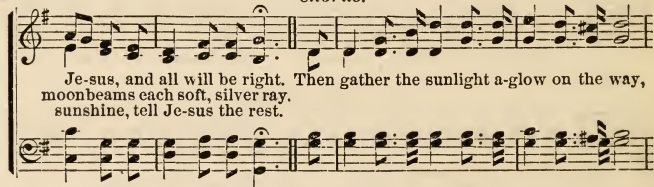
S. J. VAIL.



1. Bur - y thy sorrow, the world has its share; Bur - y it deep-ly,...
 2. Tell it to Je - sus, he knoweth thy grief; Tell it to Je - sus, he'll
 3. Hearts grown a-wea-ry with heav-i - er woe, Droop 'mid the darkness; go,



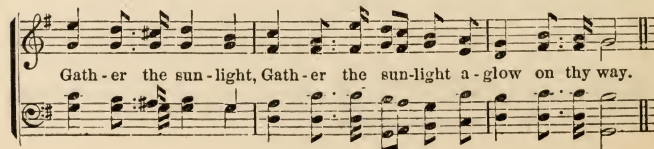
kill it with care. Think of it calmly, when curtained by night; Tell it to
 send thee re-lief. Gath-er the sunlight, a - glow on thy way; Gath-er the
 comfort them, go! Bur - y thy sor-row, let others be blest; Give them the

Chorus.


Je-sus, and all will be right. Then gather the sunlight a-glow on the way,
 moonbeams each soft, silver ray.
 sunshine, tell Je-sus the rest.



Gath-er the moonbeams each soft, sil-ver ray; Yes, gath-er the sun-light,



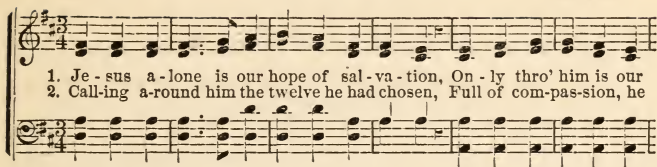
Gath-er the sun-light, Gath-er the sun-light a - glow on thy way.

JESUS THE LORD.

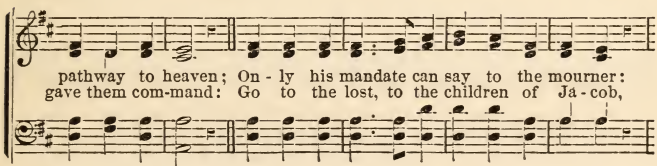
27

Mark 1 : 16-27.

S. J. VAIL.



1. Je - sus a - lone is our hope of sal - va - tion, On - ly thro' him is our
2. Call - ing a - round him the twelve he had chosen, Full of com - pas - sion, he

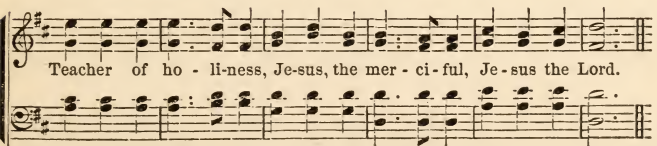


pathway to heaven; On - ly his mandate can say to the mourner:
gave them com - mand: Go to the lost, to the children of Ja - cob,

Chorus.



Be of good comfort, thy sins are forgiven! Preacher of righteousness,
Tell them the king - dom of God is at hand.



Teacher of ho - li - ness, Je - sus, the mer - ci - ful, Je - sus the Lord.


3 Mine is the power that to you is entrusted,
I will be with you wherever you go;
Heal ye the sick, and restore ye the leper,
Freely receiving, as freely bestow.—**Сно.**

4 Come, O ye weary, and laden with sorrow,
Come unto me with your burden oppressed;
Learn of your Saviour, the meek and the lowly,
Come, and your spirits forever shall rest.—**Сно.**

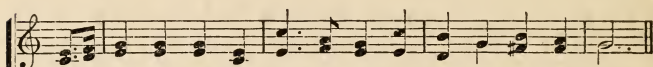
CHRIST THE MESSIAH.

Mark 1: 1-11.

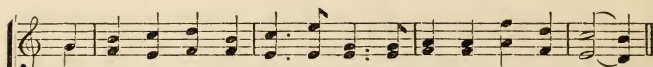
S. J. VAIL.




1. When Christ in Ju-dah's land was born, And an-gels sang his birth,—
2. Then in a dream to Jo-seph spake An an-gel from the Lord:
3. Now stood the Sav-iour of the world By Jor-dan's riv-er bright,




When peace de-scend-ed from her throne, To fold her wings on earth,
Flee with the Child—in E-gypt dwell, Un-til I bring thee word.
And from the hand of John received The blest bap-tis-mal rite.




With gifts and gold-en treasures came The wise men from a-far,...
For He-rod, full of cru-el wrath, The In-fant's life will seek;
The Spir-it, on ce-les-tial wings, De-scend-ed like a dove;



To wor-ship at Mes-si-ah's feet, Di-rect-ed by a star.
A- rise in haste—o-bey my voice; 'Tis God that bids me speak.
Well pleased the Lord de-clared the Son Of his e-ter-nal love.

Chorus.


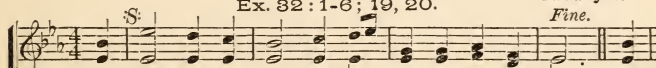
O Son of God, the Ho - ly One, Re-deem-er, Sav-iour, King!




In - spire our hearts with sa - cred love, Thy precious name to sing.

OH, WHERE, TELL ME WHERE.

Ex. 32 : 1-6 ; 19, 20.

*Arranged.**Fine.*


1. Oh, where, tell me where is the joy that once was mine, When,
D. s. knew that my heart was at peace with God and Heaven?



kneeling by the fount - ain, I felt my sins for - given, And

2 Oh, where, tell me where are the happy moments gone,
When love to God my Saviour grew stronger day by day?
But now from his fold I have wandered far away.

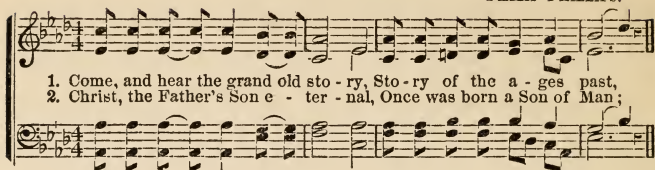
3 Oh, why did the world with its pleasure lure me on
To lose the path of duty, and leave my Saviour dear?
How sad is my heart, and my way is lone and drear.

4 I'll go,—let me go to my Saviour once again,
And there, my sin confessing, his mercy I'll implore,
And try by his grace to forget his love no more.

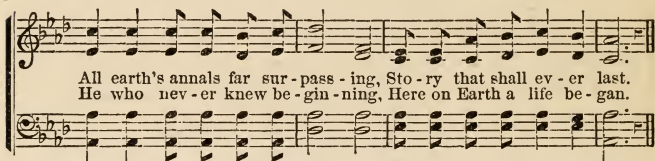
30 COME, AND HEAR THE GRAND OLD STORY.

Mark 1 : 38-45.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. Come, and hear the grand old sto - ry, Sto - ry of the a - ges past,
2. Christ, the Father's Son e - ter - nal, Once was born a Son of Man;



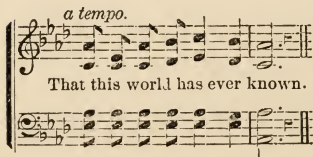
All earth's annals far sur - pass - ing, Sto - ry that shall ev - er last.
He who nev - er knew be - gin - ning, Here on Earth a life be - gan.

Chorus, to each verse.

rall.



Noblest, Truest, Oldest, Newest, Fairest, Rarest, Sadest, Gladest,



a tempo.
That this world has ever known.

3 Words of truth and deeds of kindness,
Miracles of grace and might,
Scatter fragrance all around him
Shine with heaven's most glorious light.

4 In Gethsemane behold him,
In the agony of prayer;
Kneeling, pleading, groaning, bleeding,
Soul and body prostrate there.

5 On to Golgotha he hastens,
Yonder stands his cross of woe;
From his hands, and feet, and forehead,
See the precious life-blood flow.

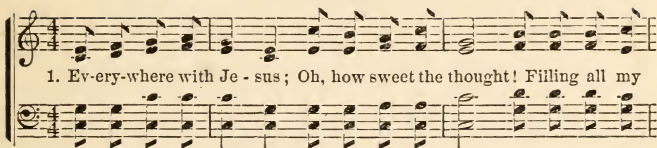
6 It is finished! see his body
Laid alone in Joseph's tomb;
'Tis for us he lieth yonder,
Prince of Life, enwrapped in gloom.

7 But in vain the grave has bound him,
Death has bared its gates in vain;
See, for us the Saviour rises,
Lo! for us he bursts the chains.

8 Hear we, then, this grand old story,
And, in listening, learn to love;
Flowing through it to the guilty
From a pardoning-God above.

Mark 2 : 14-17.

SILAS J. VAIL.



1. Ev-ery-where with Je - sus ; Oh, how sweet the thought ! Filling all my



soul with joy, Deep with comfort fraught. Never ab-sent far from him, Al-ways

Chorus.



at his side ; Everywhere with Jesus, Trusting him to guide. Everywhere with



Jesus, Always at his side ; Everywhere with Jesus, Trusting him to guide.

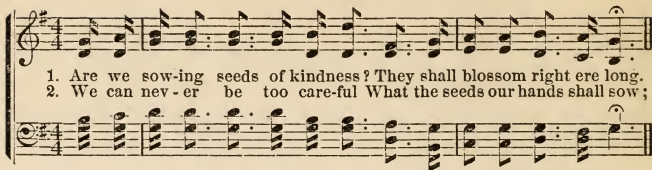
2 Everywhere with Jesus ;
For no place can be
Where I may not find him near,
Very near to me,
Closer than the flesh I wear—
In my inmost heart—
Everywhere with Jesus,
We shall never part.

3 Everywhere with Jesus ;
Do whate'er I may,
Work, or talk, or walk abroad,
Study, preach, or pray.
Still I find him, full of love,
Ready ere I call.
Everywhere with Jesus,
He's my all in all.

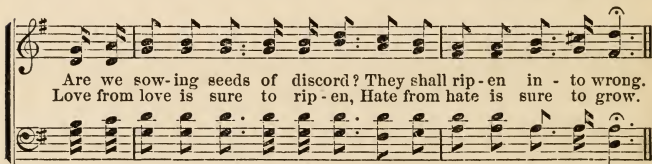
WHATSOEVER THE SOWING BE.

Mark 2: 23-28; 3: 1-5.

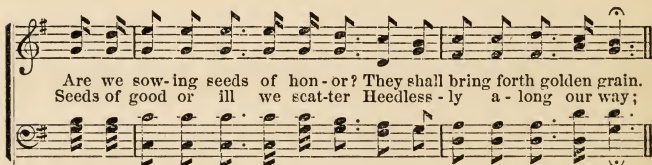
S. J. VAIL.



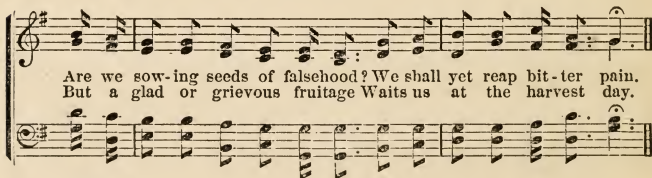
1. Are we sow-ing seeds of kindness? They shall blossom right ere long.
2. We can nev-er be too care-ful What the seeds our hands shall sow;



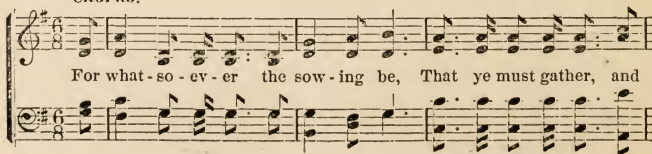
Are we sow-ing seeds of discord? They shall rip-en in - to wrong.
Love from love is sure to rip-en, Hate from hate is sure to grow.



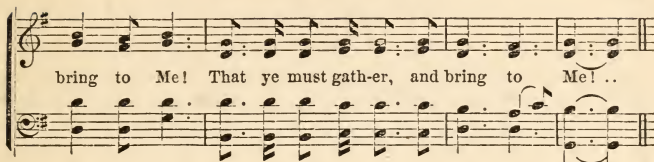
Are we sow-ing seeds of hon-or? They shall bring forth golden grain.
Seeds of good or ill we scat-ter Heedless - ly a - long our way;



Are we sow-ing seeds of falsehood? We shall yet reap bit-ter pain.
But a glad or grievous fruitage Waits us at the harvest day.

Chorus.


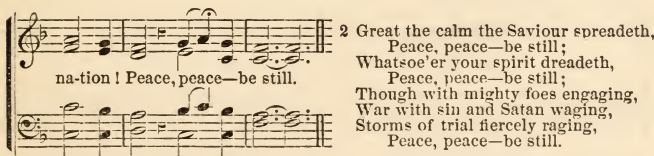
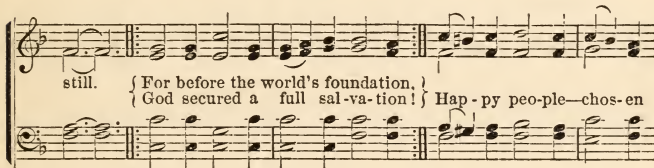
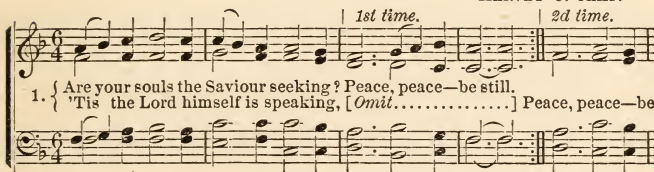
For what-so-ev-er the sow-ing be, That ye must gather, and



PEACE BE STILL.

Mark 4 : 35-41.

HARVEY C. CAMP.



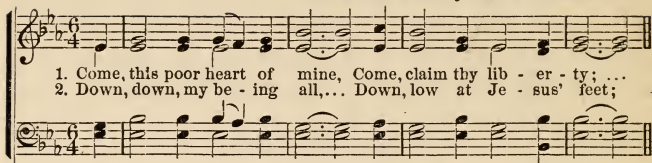
3 Jesus walks upon the ocean,
Peace, peace—be still;
He shall hush its loud commotion,
Peace, peace—be still.
Soon shall end our days of sighing,
Pain and sorrow, death and crying,
Till that hour on God relying,
Peace, peace—be still.

4 'Tis the blood of Christ hath spoken,
Peace, peace—be still;
The destroyer sees the token!
Peace, peace—be still.
On God's Word we boldly venture,
All our hopes in Jesus centre,
Into rest our souls can enter,
Peace, peace—be still.

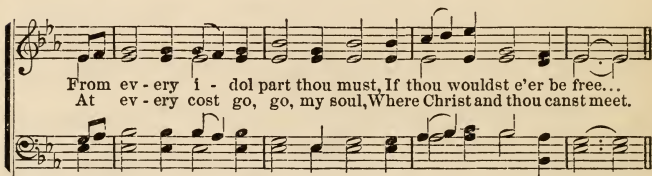
FREE IN CHRIST.

Mark 3: 1-13.

Words and Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



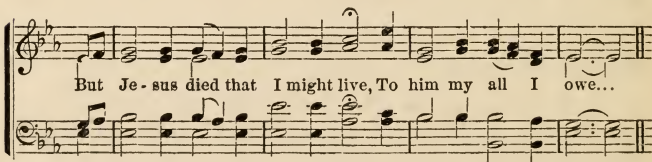
1. Come, this poor heart of mine, Come, claim thy lib - er - ty; ...
2. Down, down, my be - ing all, ... Down, low at Je - sus' feet;



From ev - ery i - dol part thou must, If thou wouldst e'er be free...
At ev - ery cost go, go, my soul, Where Christ and thou canst meet.

Chorus.


To Je - sus all I give— Gift poor e - nough, I know;



But Je - sus died that I might live, To him my all I owe...

3 Begone, all earth-born hopes!
Break, break the ties that bind
My heart, my sin-sick heart to earth,
So I but Jesus find.—Cho.

4 Depart, depart from me
All that may lead astray;
Tho' passions die, and heart-strings
break,
Till Jesus brings the day.—Cho.

5 Thus, thus I cling to Christ;
In him alone I trust,
Till he shall claim me all his own,
And lifts me from the dust.—Cho.

6 He comes! he comes! he comes!
Now faith claims Jesus mine;
I do believe—my heart cries out,
Lord, cleanse, and seal me thine.
Cho.—To Jesus, &c.

JESUS, THE WONDERFUL.

35

Mark 5 : 24-34.

Words and Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. Je - sus, the Won - der - ful, The gift of God's great love, Has

come to seek and save the lost, And lead us home a - bove.

Chorus.

He is the Won - der - ful, My Sav - iour now is He! Come

to the cleansing of his blood; Who comes to him is free.

2 Jesus, the Wonderful,
Just takes the crushing load
Of sin from off believing hearts,
And brings them back to God.
Cho.—He is, &c.

3 Jesus, the Wonderful,
Has robbed the darkest grave
Of its chief terror, shame, and gloom,
So mighty he to save.
Cho.—He is, &c.

4 Jesus, the Wonderful,
In every struggle strong;
Alone he tramples in the dust
The foes that round us throng.
Cho.—He is, &c.

5 Jesus, the Wonderful,
My Counsellor, I see,
The Mighty God, the Father, too,
The Prince of Peace is he.
Cho.—He is, &c.

THE HEAVENLY ANCHOR.

Mark 3: 22, 23, 33-43.

S. J. VANL.

1. Hold on, hold on ! in Christ believing, The faithful soul shall wear the crown ;
 2. Hold on, the storm will soon be over, The billows soon have spent their might ;

But he who, when the waves are heaving, Lets slip his anchor, shall go down.
 Hold on, for God, thy Father, reigneth, When morning dawns it will be right.

Chorus.

Hold on, hold on the Heavenly Anchor, The storms of life will soon be past ;

Hold on, hold on the Heavenly Anchor, We'll reach the pearly gates at last.

3 Hold back thy murmurs, cease repining,
 Be patient still, God loves thee yet ;
 Still bear thy cross, in faith resigning,
 Thy Father never can forget.—Cho.

4 Hold out, there comes an end to sorrow,
 Hope from the dust shall conquering rise ;
 The skies proclaim a sunnier morrow,
 The cross points up to Paradise.—Cho.


REV. JOHN PARKER.

THE MARTYRDOM OF THE BAPTIST.

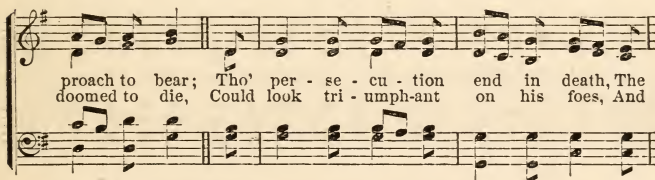
37

Mark 8:20-29.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

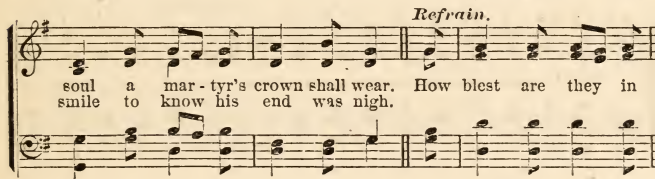


1. Tho' mured with-in a dun-geon wall, 'Tis joy for Christ re-
2. And he, the mes-sen-ger of God, By He-rod's man-date



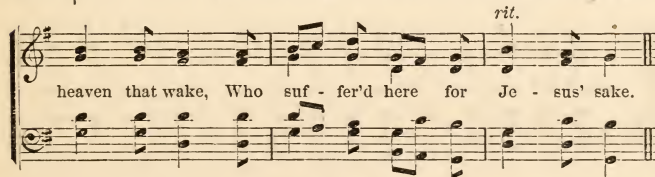
proach to bear; Tho' per-se-cu-tion end in death, The
doomed to die, Could look tri-umph-ant on his foes, And

Refrain.



soul a mar-tyr's crown shall wear. How blest are they in
smile to know his end was nigh.

rit.



heaven that wake, Who suf-fer'd here for Je-sus' sake.

3 The Christians of the early time,
Disciples of our risen Lord,
Rejoiced when called to suffer shame,
Because they taught his holy word.—REF.

4 The rack may torture, flames may burn,
Yet strong in him, our glorious King,
The soul amid the quiv'ring pain
His love will tell, his praise will sing.—REF.

ENOUGH AND TO SPARE.

Mark 6 : 34-44.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. God's mercy provided, the people were fed, And, blest by the Saviour, how

sweet was the bread ; What rapture that feast in the desert to share, When

Refrain.

five thousand souls had enough and to spare. Enough and to spare, e -

nough and to spare, God's mercy pro - vid - eth e-nough and to spare.

2 Come ye who are weary, and pining for rest,
Believe on the Saviour, believe and be blest ;
The gospel invites you its bounty to share,
Thank God for the word, there's enough and to spare.—REF.

3 O precious Redeemer, our Saviour divine,
Was ever compassion so tender as thine ?
A place at thy table the poorest may share ;
Salvation is free, there's enough and to spare.—REF.

REST IN JESUS.

Mark 7 : 24-30.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Thou hast heard the voice of Je - sus, Gen - tly plead - ing—"Come to me;"
2. Has thy heart been vain - ly seek - ing—Seek - ing rest, but find - ing none?

And yet thou art still re-fus-ing, While he sweet-ly calls for thee.
Thou wilt nev-er find it, dear one, Save in God's most precious Son.

Refrain.

Refrain.

Come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus, Hear him calling—"Come to me;"

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It features two staves, a treble staff on top and a bass staff on the bottom, both with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves. The title 'Come to Jesus' is at the top, followed by 'Refrain.' and then the lyrics 'Come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus, Hear him calling—"Come to me;"'. The music is in a simple, hymn-like style with a 4/4 time signature.

The image shows a page from a music book. At the top, the title "The Wanderer" is written in a decorative, gothic-style font. Below the title, there is a musical score. The score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line and the word "rit." (ritardando) above it. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and contains a harmonic accompaniment of chords and single notes. Below the lower staff, the lyrics "Weary wanderer, heavy - laden, Hark! he sweetly calls for thee." are written in a simple, serif font. The page is numbered "10" in the bottom right corner.

The Wanderer

rit.

Weary wanderer, heavy - laden, Hark! he sweetly calls for thee.

10

3 For in him the way is given,
And his love we're sure to feel
When with hardened hearts, and heavy,
We at mercy's door shall kneel.—REF.

4 And his loving hand will open
Wide the door, and let you in,
When you heed—"Come unto me,"
You shall find sweet rest in him.—REF.

R. B. B.

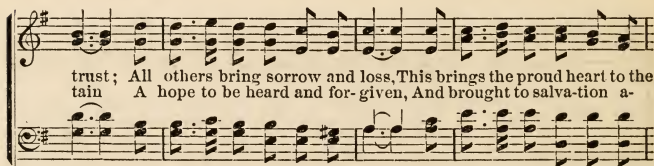
ONLY ONE WAY TO THE CROSS.

(Review Song.)

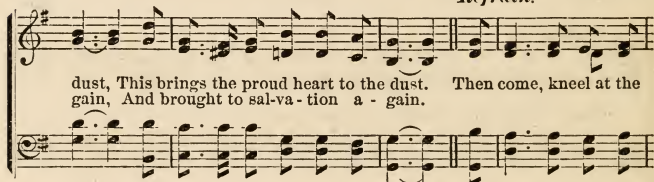
S. J. VAIL.



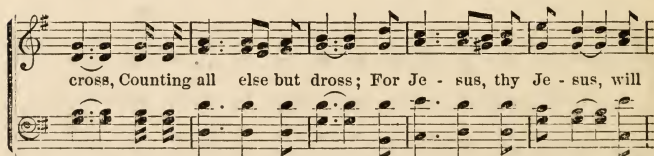
1. There is on - ly one way to the cross, And on - ly one cross for thy
2. There is on - ly one name un - der heaven, By which you may ev - er at -



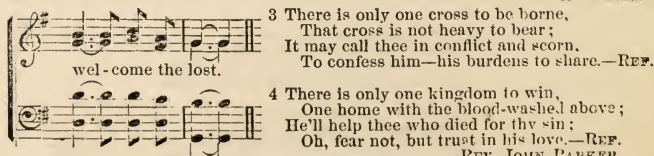
trust; All others bring sorrow and loss, This brings the proud heart to the
tain A hope to be heard and for - given, And brought to sal - va - tion a -

Refrain.


dust, This brings the proud heart to the dust. Then come, kneel at the
gain, And brought to sal - va - tion a - gain.



cross, Counting all else but dross; For Je - sus, thy Je - sus, will



3 There is only one cross to be borne,
That cross is not heavy to bear;
It may call thee in conflict and scorn.
To confess him—his burdens to share.—REF.
wel - come the lost.
4 There is only one kingdom to win,
One home with the blood-washed above;
He'll help thee who died for thy sin;
Oh, fear not, but trust in his love.—REF.

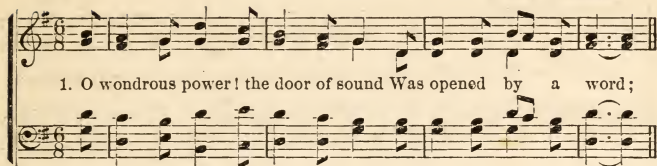
REV. JOHN PARKER.

GO THOU IN PEACE.

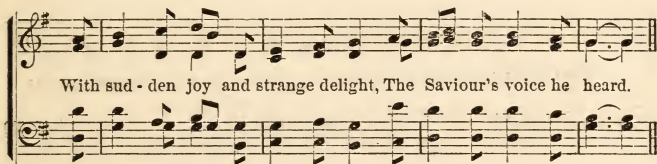
41

Mark 7: 31-37.

A. VAN ALSTYNE.

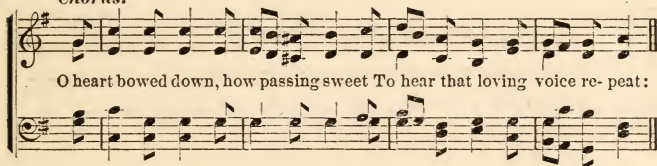


1. O wondrous power! the door of sound Was opened by a word;



With sud - den joy and strange delight, The Saviour's voice he heard.

Chorus.



O heart bowed down, how passing sweet To hear that loving voice re-peat:



Go thou in peace, thy sins forgiven Are blotted from the book of heaven.

2 No longer dumb, he spake aloud
The praise that filled his soul;
Faith led him to the Master's feet,
And faith hath made him whole.—*Cho.*

3 Lord, open thou our ears to hear
The truth thy Word proclaims,
And loose our tongues that we may tell
The wonders of thy name.—*Cho.*

FANNY CROSBY.

WHITE AS SNOW.

Mark 9:17-29.

S. J. VAIL.

1. "White as snow!" Oh, what a prom-ise For the heav-y - lad-en breast!

When by faith the soul re-ceives it, Wea-ri-ness is changed to rest.

"White as snow!" Can my transgressions Thus be wholly washed a-way,

Leaving not a trace be-hind them, Like a cloudless summer day?

2 Yes, at once, and that completely,
Thro' the blood of Christ, I know,
All my sins, though red like crimson,
May become as white as snow.
I believe the glorious record
God has given of his Son;
I accept the free salvation
His atoning death has won.

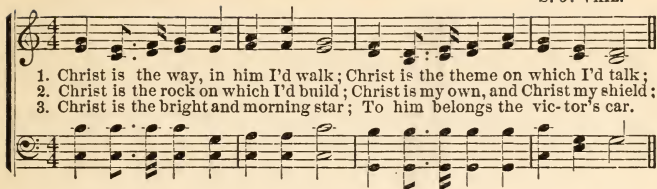
2 Yet, though free from condemnation,
I am not in heaven yet;
What it cost—this free salvation—
Never let my soul forget!
Much forgiven! Quite forgiven!
Once for all, yet daily too,
Let me live near him who saves me,
Let me keep the cross in view.

CHRIST, MY ALL.

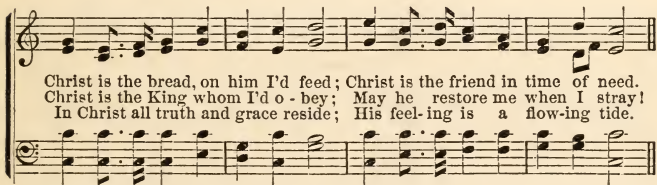
43

Mark 9:33-42.

S. J. VAIL.

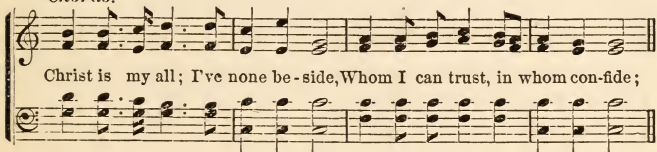


1. Christ is the way, in him I'd walk; Christ is the theme on which I'd talk;
2. Christ is the rock on which I'd build; Christ is my own, and Christ my shield;
3. Christ is the bright and morning star; To him belongs the vic-tor's car.

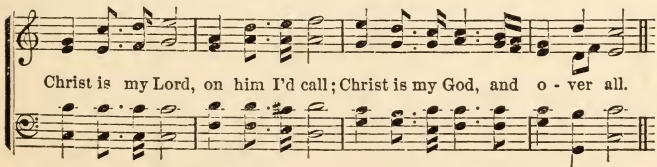


Christ is the bread, on him I'd feed; Christ is the friend in time of need.
Christ is the King whom I'd o - bey; May he restore me when I stray!
In Christ all truth and grace reside; His feel-ing is a flow-ing tide.

Chorus.



Christ is my all; I've none be-side, Whom I can trust, in whom con-fide;



Christ is my Lord, on him I'd call; Christ is my God, and o - ver all.

4 Christ is the Lamb that bleeds and groans;
Christ is the Priest whose blood atones;
Christ is the robe my soul would wear;
Christ is my help—I need not fear.—**CHO.**

5 Christ is the Father's image bright;
Christ is the Prophet, Christ the light;
Christ is the Bishop, who doth bless
With peace, and joy, and righteousness.—**CHO.**

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

Mark 10 : 46-52.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Son of Da - vid! hear my cry; Sav - iour, do not

pass me by; Touch these eye - lids veiled in night,

Turn their dark - ness in - to light. Son of Da - vid,

hear my cry! Sav - iour, do not pass me by.

2 Tho' the proud my voice would still,
They may chide me if they will,
Yet the more I'll pray for grace,
Only here shall be my place.
Son of David, hear my cry!
Saviour, do not pass me by.

3 Though despised by all but thee,
Thou a blessing hast for me:
Faith and prayer can never fail,

Lord, with thee I *must* prevail.
Son of David, hear my cry!
Saviour, do not pass me by.

4 Glorious vision! heavenly ray!
All my gloom has passed away;
Now my joyful eve doth see.
And my soul still clings to thee.
Thine the glory evermore.
Mine to worship and adore.

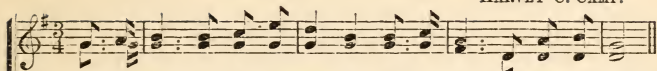
FANNY CROSBY.

ONLY LEAVES.

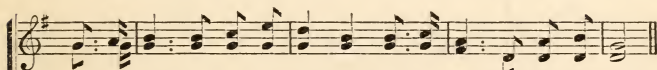
45

Mark 11: 12-14; 19-24.

HARVEY C. CAMP.

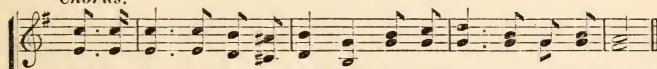


1. On - ly leaves, and yet the sum-mer All its charm of beau-ty weaves,
2. For the dew of grace that fall - eth, For the love his Spir-it breathes,

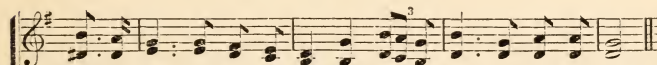


But, a - las! the tree is fruit-less; Je - sus find-eth naught but leaves.
Shall the Sav-iour, when he com-eth, Gath-er fruit, or on - ly leaves?

Chorus.



We are in the Saviour's vineyard, By his mer - cy planted there;



Sad re-turn for all his goodness,* If our lives no fruit do bear.

3 Oh, the precious moments wasted,
Moments idly thrown away,
When a soul, by our example,
Might have learned by faith to pray.—CHO.

4 Saviour, yet a little longer
Keep us in thy vineyard ground!
Leaves may bud, and buds may blossom,
Golden fruit may yet be found.—CHO.

THE TWO COMMANDMENTS

Mark 12 : 28-34.

HARVEY C. CAMP.

1. Dear Sav-iour, these com-mands of thine, In clear and sim-ple
2. We learn our du-ty first to thee, A love un-self-ish,

words, de-fine The per-fect way we must pur-sue, The
pure, and free; An in-di-vid-ual love, com-bined With

rall. *a tempo.*
whole of du-ty we can do. O Thou, in whom we
ev-ery power of soul and mind, Must all with-out re-

rit.
live and move, Thy law be-gins and ends with love.
serve be given, Ere we can reach the port of heaven.


3 That love in us thine own inspires;
Vain pride beneath its flame expires;
No hatred rankles in the breast
Where love abides a constant guest;
All envy, strife, and anger cease.
And ours the calm of perfect peace.

4 When we thy great commands fulfil,
Directed only by thy will,
Our arms reach forth their wide embrace
To circle all the human race;
Love hath its balm for every care,
And finds our neighbor everywhere.

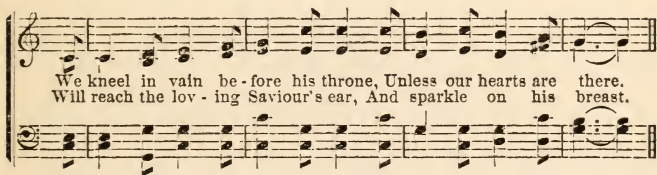
FANNY CROSBY.

Mark 12 : 38-44.

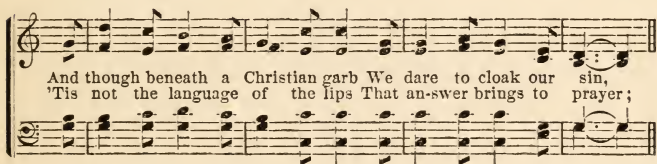
A. VAN ALSTINE.



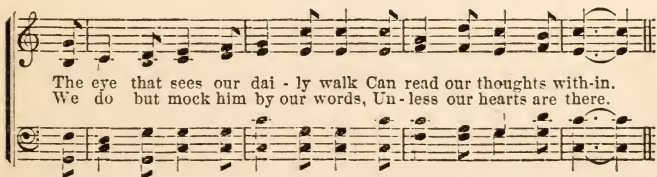
1. God will not hear de- ceit-ful tongues That breathe his name in prayer;
2. A sigh un- heard, a tear un- seen, From burdened souls op-pressed,



We kneel in vain be- fore his throne, Unless our hearts are there.
Will reach the lov- ing Saviour's ear, And sparkle on his breast.



And though beneath a Christian garb We dare to cloak our sin,
'Tis not the language of the lips That an- swer brings to prayer;



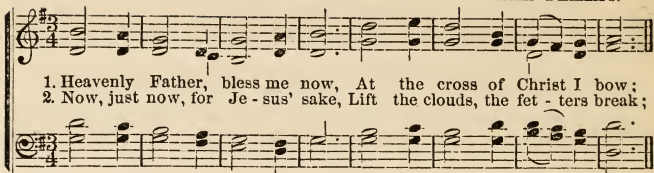
The eye that sees our dai- ly walk Can read our thoughts with-in.
We do but mock him by our words, Un- less our hearts are there.

- 3 The gifts of ostentatious wealth
From lavish hands may fall,
But richer far the widow's mite,
Because she gave her all;
God claims the willing sacrifice
Of what we hold most dear,
The heart as well as hand must give,
To make that gift sincere.

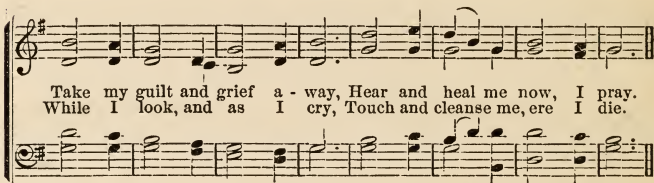
BLESS ME NOW.

Mark 14 : 3-9.

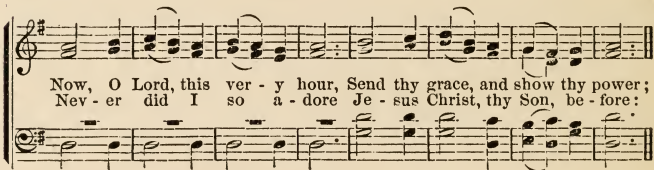
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



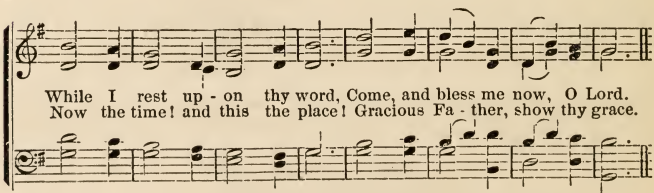
1. Heavenly Father, bless me now, At the cross of Christ I bow;
2. Now, just now, for Je - sus' sake, Lift the clouds, the fet - ters break;



Take my guilt and grief a - way, Hear and heal me now, I pray.
While I look, and as I cry, Touch and cleanse me, ere I die.



Now, O Lord, this ver - y hour, Send thy grace, and show thy power;
Nev - er did I so a - dore Je - sus Christ, thy Son, be - fore:



While I rest up - on thy word, Come, and bless me now, O Lord.
Now the time! and this the place! Gracious Fa - ther, show thy grace.

3 Mercy now. O Lord, I plead,
In this hour of utter need;
Turn me not away unblest,
Calm my anguish into rest.

O thou loving, blessed One,
Rising o'er me like the sun,
Light and life art thou within—
Saviour, thou, from every sin!

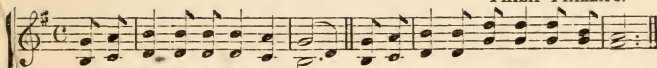
A. CLARK.

THE RISEN LORD.

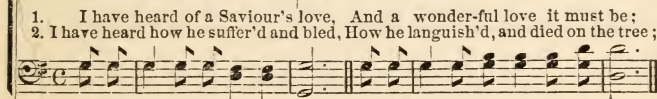
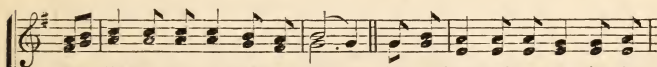
49

Mark 16: 9-20.

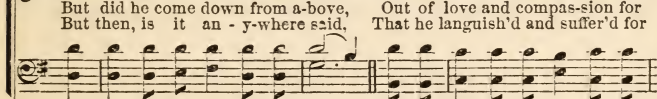
PHILIP PHILLIPS.




1. I have heard of a Saviour's love, And a wonder-ful love it must be;
2. I have heard how he suffer'd and bled, How he languish'd, and died on the tree;

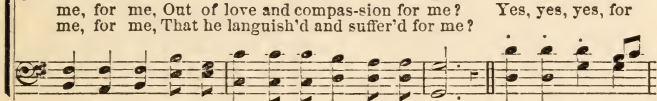
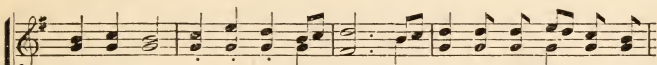
But did he come down from a-bove, Out of love and compas-sion for
But then, is it an - y-where said, That he languish'd and suffer'd for



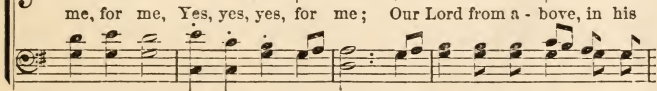
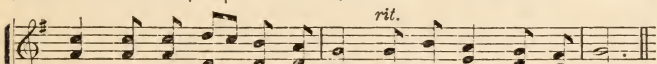
Chorus.



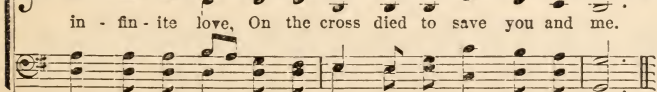
me, for me, Out of love and compas-sion for me? Yes, yes, yes, for
me, for me, That he languish'd and suffer'd for me?

me, for me, Yes, yes, yes, for me; Our Lord from a - bove, in his

rit.
in - fin - ite love, On the cross died to save you and me.



3 I have heard he was laid in the tomb, And the third day he rose from the dead.
But then, is it anywhere said
He was buried,—has risen for me?

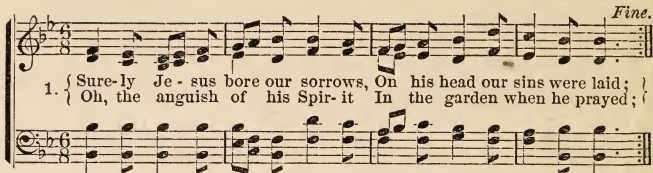
4 I've been told of a heaven on high, Which the children of Jesus shall see;
But is there a place in the sky
Made ready and furnished for me?

THE BETRAYAL.

Mark 14 : 42-50.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

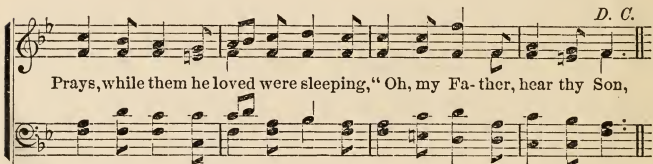
Fine.



1. { Sure-ly Je - sus bore our sorrows, On his head our sins were laid; }
Oh, the anguish of his Spir - it In the garden when he prayed; {

D. C. If this cup may not pass from me, Not my will, but thine, be done."

D. C.



Prays, while them he loved were sleeping, "Oh, my Fa - ther, hear thy Son,

2 'Tis the distant tramp of soldiers;
Hark! they near that lonely shade.
Wake, ye sleepers, they are coming!
Up! your master is betrayed.
And the absent from your number,
Bearing now a traitor's brand,
Cunning as the arch-deceiver,
Hither leads the soldiers' band.

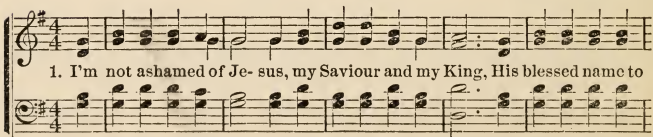
3 Like a friend he greets the Saviour,
In the guise of love sincere;
Oh, that kiss of base deception,
Viler than a serpent's leer!
In a mild, forgiving spirit
Jesus meets his keenest foe;
May we learn, tho' wronged by others,
Still his patient love to show.

FANNY CROSBY.

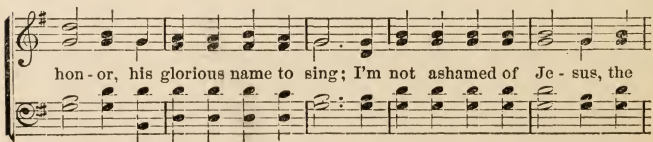
I'M NOT ASHAMED OF JESUS.

Mark 14 : 66-72.

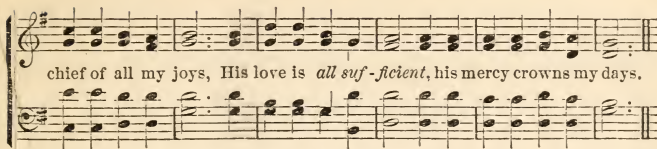
JAMES PRICE.



1. I'm not ashamed of Je - sus, my Saviour and my King, His blessed name to



hon - or, his glorious name to sing; I'm not ashamed of Je - sus, the



- chief of all my joys, His love is *all suf-ficient*, his mercy crowns my days.
- 2 I'm not ashamed of Jesus, for he has died for me;
The cross on which he suffer'd my sweetest song shall be,
I'm not ashamed of Jesus, whom heavenly hosts adore,
My heart's desire is only that I may love him more.
- 3 I'm not ashamed of Jesus, who open'd heaven above,
That I may live to serve him, and praise him for his love;
I'm not asham'd of Jesus, and this my boast shall be:
I'll tell to all that Jesus is not ashamed of me.

THE SAVIOUR CRUCIFIED.

Mark 15 : 22-39.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1st time.

1. { Lo! on the cross ex-tend-ed high, The Saviour bow'd his head;
For us the crown of thorns he wore, [*Omit*.....]

2. { The heavens were mov'd, the skies were drap'd In midnight gloom profound;
All nature groan'd, convuls'd with pain. [*Omit*]

2d time.

For us the cru-el nails he bore; For sin-ful man he bled.
The temple's veil was rent in twain, And earth-quake shook the ground.

3.

'Twas done; the debt of sin was paid
By Him, the Crucified.
Then mercy bent her loving eyes
On fallen man, and bade him rise,
When Christ the Saviour died.

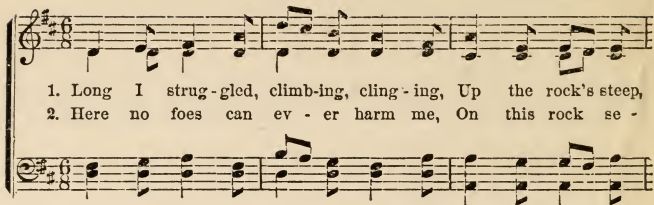
4.

He died,—but, oh, he lives again!
He reigns, our conqu'ring King;
He burst the portals of the tomb,
His hallowed presence cheer'd its gloom,
And took from death its sting.

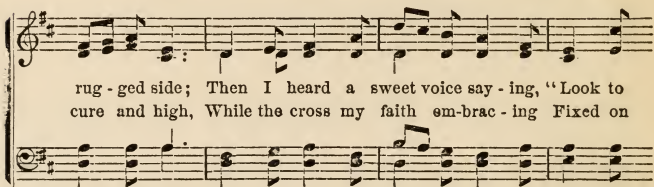
RESTING ON THE ROCK.

Hebrews 4 : 9.

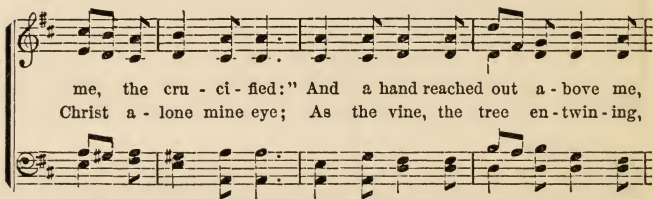
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



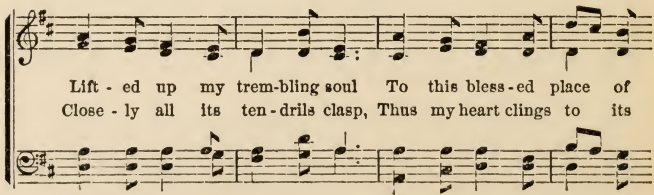
1. Long I strug-gled, climb-ing, cling-ing, Up the rock's steep,
2. Here no foes can ev-er harm me, On this rock se-



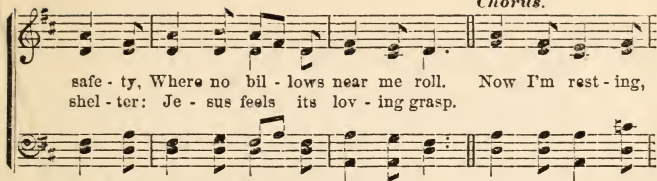
rug-ged side; Then I heard a sweet voice say-ing, "Look to
cure and high, While the cross my faith em-brac-ing Fixed on



me, the cru-ci-fied;" And a hand reached out a-bove me,
Christ a-lone mine eye; As the vine, the tree en-twin-ing,



Lift-ed up my trem-bling soul To this bless-ed place of
Close-ly all its ten-drils clasp, Thus my heart clings to its

Chorus.



safe - ty, Where no bil - lows near me roll. Now I'm rest - ing,
shel - ter: Je - sus feels its lov - ing grasp.



sweet - ly rest - ing On the sum - mit of the rock; Bright un -



cloud - ed skies a - bove me, Safe be - yond the tem - pest's shock;



Rest - ing, rest - ing, safe - ly rest - ing on the rock.

3 Now to struggling souls still climbing,
I would reach a helping hand;
Fast to this dear cross I'm holding,
While upon the rock I stand.
I would draw them to the summit,
To the dear Redeemer's breast,
Where alone are peace and safety,
Where the weary find sweet rest.
Cho.—Now I'm resting, &c.

MARY D. JAMES.

HARVEY C. CAMP.

1. { Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine, The joy and de-sire of my heart, }
 For closer communion I pine; I long to reside where thou art: }
 2. { The pasture I languish to find, Where all, who their Shepherd obey, }
 Are fed, on thy bosom reclined, And screen'd from the heat of the day. }

Chorus.

My will to thine own I re-sign, And glad-ly for-sake all for thee;

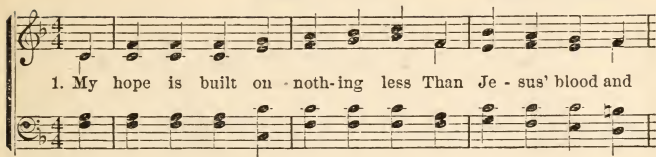
Now, Saviour, I know I am thine, Dear Je-sus, a-bide thou with me.

- 3 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,
 There only, I covet to rest;
 To lie at the foot of the rock,
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast.—CHO.
- 4 'Tis there I would always abide,
 And never a moment depart,—
 Concealed in the cleft of thy side,
 Eternally held in thy heart.—CHO.
- 5 Appear, and my wand'rings shall cease;
 The blood of atonement apply;
 And to thyself lead me for peace,—
 The Rock that is higher than I.—CHO.
- 6 Oh, enter this desolate heart,—
 Then rule o'er the heart thou hast won;
 Nor again in thine anger depart.
 But make it forever thy throne.—CHO.

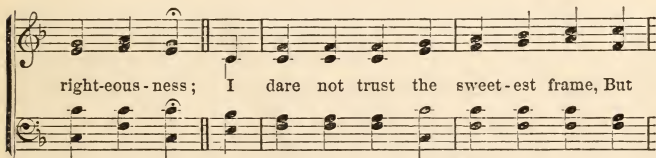
THE ROCK THAT DOES NOT MOVE. 55

Matt. 7 : 23.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

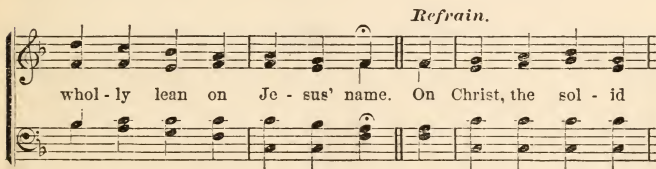


1. My hope is built on - noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and

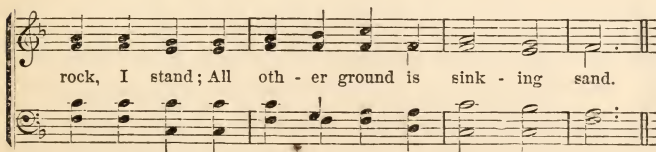


right - eous - ness; I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But

Refrain.



whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name. On Christ, the sol - id



rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

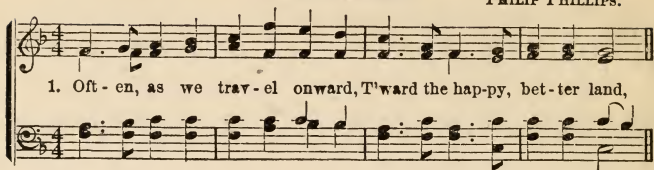
2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his *unchanging* grace:
In every high and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the veil.—REF.

3 His word, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the 'whelming flood:
When all around on earth gives way.
He then is all my hope and stay.—REF.

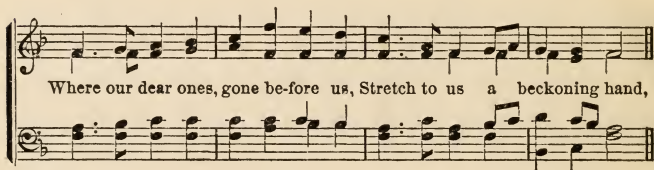
THE CROWN ABOVE THE CROSS.

2 Tim. 4 : 28.

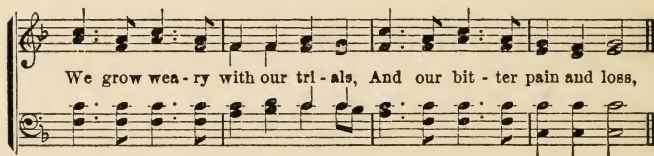
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



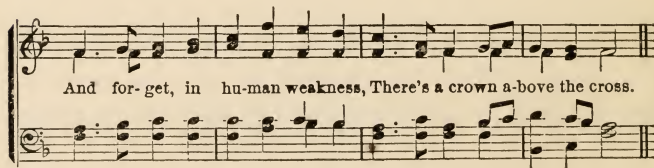
1. Oft - en, as we trav - el on - ward, T'ward the hap - py, bet - ter land,



Where our dear ones, gone be - fore us, Stretch to us a beckoning hand,



We grow wea - ry with our tri - als, And our bit - ter pain and loss,



And for - get, in hu - man weak - ness, There's a crown a - bove the cross.

2 Often we grow faint and weary
 In the rough and rugged way,
 That shall lead us over sorrows,
 Nearer heavenward day by day;
 And we sit down, weak and weary,
 Saying, Life is only loss;
 Losing sight, in human blindness,
 Of the crown above the cross.

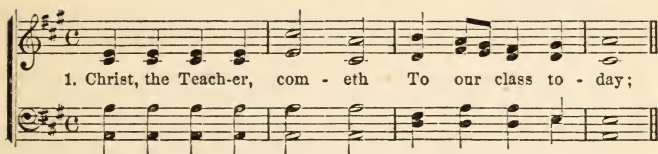
3 Oh, be strong to do and suffer!
 After labor cometh rest;
 After pain and sorrow—gladness
 To the weary, weary breast.
 After earth, the peace of heaven,
 And the life made free from dross;
 After night the golden morning,
 And the crown above the cross.

CHRIST, THE TEACHER, COMETH.

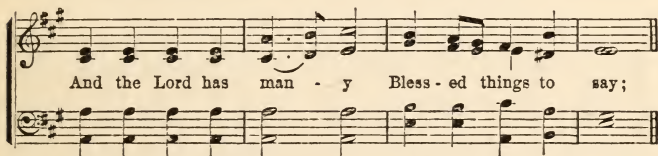
57

Matt. 5 : 1, 2.

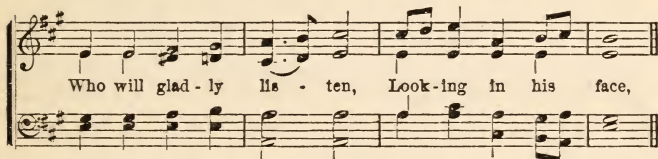
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



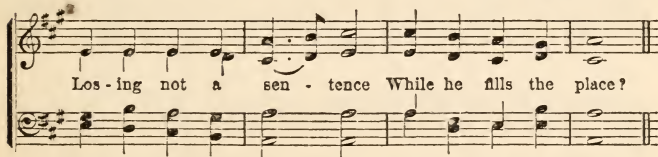
1. Christ, the Teach-er, com - eth To our class to - day;



And the Lord has man - y Bless - ed things to say;



Who will glad - ly lis - ten, Look - ing in his face,



Los - ing not a sen - tence While he fills the place?

2 Christ, the Teacher, cometh
In sweet gentleness,
Touching all the children
With a friend's caress;
Who will come the nearest
To the Saviour King?
Who will be most earnest?
Who most love will bring?

3 Christ, the Teacher, cometh:
Listen to his call;
We have little knowledge,
He will teach us all—

Tell us of our Father,
And our home in heaven,
Where the sweet harp music
And the crowns are given.

4 Christ, the Teacher, cometh:
Do not turn away
From the Friend who lingers
In our class to-day;
Listen to him gladly,
Love and trust him well,
He will be your Guardian
Till with him you dwell.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Be-yond the dark river of death— Beyond where its waters are swell-ing,
2. No night in that beautiful home! No shade on its glory is seen,....

The home of my spir-it is waiting for me, The land where the ransom'd are
The won-derful riv-er of wa-ter of life Flows soft thro' the meadows of

Refrain.

dwell-ing. Beau-ti-ful home! heav-en-ly home! Home of the
green...
Beau-ti-ful home! heav-en-ly home, &c.
home!.....

blest, where the weary will rest, Beau-ti-ful, heav-en-ly home, sweet home!

3 No grief in that beautiful home!
No sorrow can enter its portals!
But glad are the voices that join in its song,
The song of the shining immortals.—REF.

4 No tears in that beautiful home!
No sin from our Saviour to sever!
The King in his beauty our eyes shall behold,
And join in his praises forever!—REF.

HYMNS OF THE FIRST QUARTER.

1. THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE.

Tune—Forest. L. M.*

- 1 OH! that my load of sin were gone!
Oh! that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free:
I cannot rest, till pure within—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

2. BIRTH OF MOSES.

Tune—Dundee. C. M.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 3 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

3. THE CALL OF MOSES.

Tune—Boylston. S. M.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

4. JEHOVAH'S PASSOVER.

Tune—Olmütz. S. M.

- 1 How tender is thy hand,
O thou most gracious Lord!
Afflictions came at thy command,
And left us at thy word.
- 2 How gentle was the rod
That chasten'd us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been!
- 3 A Father's hand we felt.
A Father's love we knew:
'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his promise true.

5. THE EXODUS.

Tune—Feterborough. C. M.

- 1 LORD, thou hast heard thy servant's
cry,
And rescued from the grave;
Now shall we live—for none can die
Whom God delights to save.

- 2 Thy praise, more constant than before,
Shall fill our daily breath;
Thy hand, that hath chastised us sore,
Defends us still from death.
- 3 Here, with the assembly of thy saints,
Our cheerful voice we raise;
Here we have told thee our complaints,
And here we speak thy praise.
- 2 No strength of our own, nor goodness
we claim:
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's
Name;
In this our strong tower for safety we
hide;
The Lord is our power,—The Lord
will provide.

6. THE RED SEA.

Tune—Happy Day. L. M.

- 1 O HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's
done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 5 When life sinks apace, and death is in
view,
The word of his grace shall comfort
us through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ
on our side,
We hope to die shouting,—The Lord
will provide.

8. STAND UP FOR JESUS.

Tune—Webb. 7s & 6s.

- 1 STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the Gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger
Be never wanting there.

7. BREAD FROM HEAVEN.

Tune—Lyons. 10,10,11,11.

- 1 THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers
affright,
Though friends should all fail, and
foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever
betide,
The promise assures us,—The Lord
will provide.

HYMNS OF THE SECOND QUARTER.

9. IDOLATRY RENOUNCED.

Tune—Penitence. 76,76,78,76.

- 1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good!
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:
All thy pleasures I forego;
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
- Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.
- 2 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

10. FORGIVEN.

Tune—Stockwell. 88 & 78.

- 1 JESUS, who on Calvary's mountain
Poured thy precious blood for me,
Wash me in its flowing fountain,
That my soul may spotless be.
- 2 I have sinned, but oh, restore me!
For unless thou smile on me,
Dark is all the world before me,
Darker yet eternity.
- 3 In thy word I hear thee saying,
Come and I will give you rest;
Now the gracious call obeying,
See, I hasten to thy breast.

11. OUR OFFERING.

Tune—Hebron. L. M.

- 1 THOUGH I have grieved thy Spirit,
Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 2 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
Thou God of grace, wilt thou despise
A broken heart for sacrifice?
- 3 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns the dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save a soul condemned to die.

12. THE LORD'S MINISTERS.

Tune—Laban. S. M.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,—
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice,—
So sweet the tidings are;
Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here.
- 3 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

13. UNBELIEF REBUKED.

Tune—Evan. C. M.

- 1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
The tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints
And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

14. THIRST FOR RIGHTEOUS-
NESS.*Tune—Bemerton. C. M.*

- 1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee, my God—the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!
- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my
soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy Saviour, and thy King.

15. MOSES ON MT. PISGAH.

Tune—Ariel. 886, 886.

- 1 O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love,
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments
feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.
- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty glow.

- 3 O that I might at once go up ;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess ;
This moment end my legal years ;
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and
fears,
A howling wilderness.

16. MERCIES REVIEWED.

Tune—Ward. L. M.

- 1 O **RENDER** thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love,

Whose mercy firm through ages past
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?

- 3 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in all prosperity,—
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine ?

HYMNS OF THE THIRD QUARTER.

17. ALL-SUFFICIENCY OF THE GOSPEL.

Tune—Heber. C. M.

- 1 THE gospel ! O, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound ;
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.
- 2 How rich the depths of love divine !
Of bliss a boundless store !
Redeemer, let me call thee mine,—
Thy fullness I implore.
- 3 On thee alone my hope relies ;
Beneath thy cross I fall ;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour and my all !

18. THE LEPROSY OF SIN.

Tune—Zephyr. L. M.

- 1 LORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholly and unclean ;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.
- 2 Behold, we fall before thy face ;
Our only refuge is thy grace :
No outward forms can make us clean ;
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 3 Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone ;
Thy blood can make us white as snow ;
No Jewish types could cleanse us so.

19. THE SABBATH.

Tune—Rockingham. L. M.

- 1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be
gone,
Let my religious hours alone :
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour
see ;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire :
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare !
How sweet thine entertainments are !
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

20. THE POWER OF JESUS.

Tune—Northfield. C. M.

- 1 HE breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood availed for me.
- 2 He speaks,—and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive :
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice ;
The humble poor believe.
- 3 Hear him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye
dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ :
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

21. BREAD OF HEAVEN.

Tune—Zion. 87, 87, 47.

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak—but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side;

Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

22. PERSISTENT PRAYER.

Tune—Rakem. 6 lines 8s.

- 1 COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 In vain thou strugglest to get free
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

HYMNS OF THE FOURTH QUARTER.

23. O LAMB OF GOD I COME.

Tune—Hamburg. L. M.

- 1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 3 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-
lieve:
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

24. COMMUNION WITH GOD.

Tune—Thine the Glory. 11-12, 11-12.

- 1 MY God, I am thine; what a comfort
divine,
What a blessing, to know that my Je-
sus is mine!

In the heavenly Lamb, thrice happy I
am;
And my heart doth rejoice at the sound
of his name.
CHORUS.—Hallelujah, thine the glory.

- 2 True pleasures abound in the raptur-
ous sound,
And whoever hath found it, hath para-
dise found.
My Redeemer to know, to feel his
blood flow,
This is life everlasting—'tis heaven
below.
CHORUS.—Hallelujah, thine the glory.

- 3 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly
feast:
That indeed is the fullness, but this is
the taste.
And this I shall prove, till with joy I
remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's
love.
CHORUS.—Hallelujah, thine the glory.

25. THE FULNESS OF LOVE.

Tune—Bremen. 886, 886.

- 1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee!
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,—
The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad;
In this poor stony heart:
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

26. HOMAGE TO JESUS.

Tune—Coronation. C. M.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

27. ASHAMED OF JESUS.

Tune—Ware. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his Name.
- 3 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;

And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

28. THE CROSS.

Tune—Olivet. L. M.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me
most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

29. THE RISEN LORD.

Tune—Windham. L. M.

- 1 HE dies!—the friend of sinners dies;
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
- 3 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

30. THE BLESSED NAME.

Tune—Mear. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.
- 2 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.
- 3 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!

The following Index is appended for the convenience of the Superintendent or Chorister in selecting Hymns appropriate to the Int. Series of Bible Les. for 1874.

FIRST QUARTER.

THIRD QUARTER.

DATE.	TEXT.	TITLE OF SONG ADAPTED.	PAGE.	NO. OF ADAPTED HYMNS.	DATE.	TEXT.	TITLE OF SONG ADAPTED.	PAGE.	NO. OF ADAPTED HYMNS.
Jan. 4	Ex. 1: 7-14.	The House of Bondage..	2	1	July 5	Mark 1: 1-11...	Christ, the Messiah.	28	17
" 11	" 2: 1-10.	The Birth of Moses....	4	2	" 12	" 1: 16-27	Christ, the Teacher....	57	
" 18	" 3: 1-10.	The Call of Moses.....	5	3	" 19	" 1: 38-45.	Jesus, the Lord.....	27	
" 25	" 4: 1-9, 27-31.	Doubts removed.....	5		" 26	" 2: 14-17.	Come, and hear the grand	30	18
Feb. 1	" 6: 1-8.	A Land of Joy.....	3		Aug. 2	" 2: 23-28;	Everywhere with Jesus.	31	
" 8	" 7: 14-22.	Lead me to Thee.....	3		" 9	" 3: 1-5.	Whatsoever the sowing.	32	19
" 15	" 12: 21-30, 51	Jehovah's Passover....	1	4	" 16	" 4: 35-41.	Peace, be still.....	33	20
" 22	" 13: 17-22.	The Exodus.....	7	5	" 23	" 5: 1-15.	Peace in Christ.....	34	20
Mar. 1	" 14: 19-31.	The Song of Triumph...	8	6	" 30	" 5: 24-34.	Jesus, the Wonderful.	35	20
" 8	" 15: 22-27.	The Fountain of Life...	10		" 37	" 5: 22, 23;	The Heavenly Anchor...	36	20
" 15	" 16: 1-5; 31	Bread of Heaven.....	9	7	Sept. 6	" 6: 20-29.	The Martyrdom.....	37	21
" 22	" 17: 8-16.	Defeat of Amalek.....	12	8	" 13	" 6: 34-44.	Enough and to Spare...	38	
" 29	" 15: 1-11.	Song of Moses.....	13		" 20	" 7: 24-30.	Rest in Jesus.....	39	22
SECOND QUARTER.					" 27	Review	Only One Way.....	40	
April 5	Ex. 20: 1-17.	The Ten Commandments	14		Oct. 4	Mark 7: 31-37.	(Go thou in peace....	41	23
" 12	" 32: 1-6, 19, 20.	Have we no idol?.....	15	9	" 11	" 9: 17-29.	White as Snow.....	42	23
" 19	" 33: 12-20.	" (see last v.).....	15	10	" 18	" 9: 33-42.	Christ, my all.....	43	24
" 26	" 40: 17-30.	Let your light shine....	16		" 25	" 10: 46-52.	Blind Bartimeus....	44	
May 3	Lev. 7: 37, 38.	The Offerings.....	18	11	Nov. 1	" 11: 12-14;	Only Leaves.....	45	
" 10	" 23: 4-6; 15-21; 33-36.	The Gospel Feast.....	19		" 8	" 12: 19-24.	The Two Commandments	46	25
" 17	Num. 3: 5-13.	The Lord's Ministers...	20	12	" 15	" 12: 38-44.	Hypocrisy and Piety...	47	
" 24	" 14: 1-10.	We will every burden...	21	13	" 22	" 14: 3-9.	Please me now.....	48	26
" 31	" 20: 7-13.	The Smitten Rock.....	22	14	" 29	" 14: 42-50.	The Betrayal.....	50	
June 7	" 21: 4-9.	The Life Look.....	23		Dec. 6	" 14: 64-72.	I'm not ashamed.....	50	
" 14	Dout. 18: 9-16.	I do love Jesus.....	24	15	" 13	" 15: 22-39	The Saviour crucified...	51	28
" 21	" 34: 1-13.	All is beautiful there...	25		" 20	" 16: 9-20.	The Risen Lord.....	52	29
" 28	" 8.....	Gather the Sunlight....	26	16	" 27	Review	Dear Jesus, abide thou	54	30

SECOND QUARTER.

FOURTH QUARTER.

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